LIFE REVIEW'D:

A

POEM;

FOUNDED ON REFLECTIONS UPON THE SILENT INHABITANTS OF THE

CHURCH YARD OF TRURO,

IN THE

COUNTY OF CORNWALL,

WITH

ANELOGY

ON THE LATE

REV. MR. SAMUEL WALKER,

WHO WAS MANY YEARS CURATE OF THAT BOROUGH.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE LORD'S PRAYER, CREED,

AND

TEN COMMANDMENTS.

PARAPHRASED, &c.

BY E. SMITH.

K

The cleareſt View of Life that Mortals have,
Is taken near ſome honourable Grave:
Then let's not fail its Eſtimate to make,
Before the final Trumpet ſounds—Awake!

BIRMINGHAM,
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY PEARSON AND ROLLASON.
MDCCLXXXII.

1782

BRITISH MUSEUM
'15
64
JAN

TO

MRS. WILLS,

Wife of the REV. THOMAS WILLS, late of St. Agnes, in Cornwall.

MADAM,

THE conſtant Practice of Benevolence, Piety, and Humanity, wherein you exerciſed yourſelf during your Reſidence in Cornwall; more than thoſe honourable Titles by which your Family is diſtinguiſhed; is the Motive that induces me to dedicate the following Sheets to your Patronage; being aſſured, that the habitual Goodneſs of your Heart, which overflows with univerſal Love to all, will incline you to overlook the conſequent Errors of an inaccurate Pen, and pardon the Liberty of endeavouring to veil its Defects under the Sanction of a Name, which every ſincere Friend to Virtue and Chriſtianity muſt revere,

I flatter myſelf that, though the Execution of this ſmall Work comes vaſtly ſhort of doing Juſtice to the Merits of thoſe whoſe Memory is hereby attempted to be perpetuated, the Deſign alone will recommend it to the Approbation of you and the excellent Gentlemen, who (next to the Supreme Being) holds the firſt Place in your Affections; and is a competent Judge, how far Truth hath guided this faint Deſcription of their different Characters;

racters; particularly that of the truly pious Divine, from whom he, and many other eminent Chriſtians, received their moſt early and ſalutary Inſtructions.

No intereſted Views from opulent Survivors, have herein dictated to the Pen; neither are undeſerved Encomiums laviſhed on the deceaſed, nor fabulous Virtues laid down as a Pattern for Imitation.

You are yourſelf, Madam, a living Evidence, that uniform Goodneſs is not impracticable:—The unwearied Aſſiduity, and various Methods whereby you endeavoured to promote and encourage Religion and Piety around you, are ſtill recent in the Memory of Hundreds in the Neighbourhood, lately bleſſed with your Reſidence; and the loud Lamentations and Floods of Tears ſhed by the Indigent at your Departure (of which I was a Witneſs) teſtified, that you fed the hungry, cloathed the naked, was Eyes to the Blind, and Feet to the Lame.—Under theſe Conſiderations, I have preſumed to addreſs theſe Poems to you; and if they are found worthy your Acceptance, it will add to the Favours already received from you, and confer the greateſt Honour on,

Madam,

Your moſt obliged,

Humble Servant,

E. SMITH.

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Miſs Yeomans's, Sheriff Hales

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 JAN 64

LIFE REVIEW'D.

As oft as I ſurvey this hallow'd Ground,
And ſolitary trace its awful Round,
By Turns the ſilent ſleeping Beds draw near,
Of Friends, Companions, or Relations dear;
Late the kind Sharers of each chearful Hour,
But Pris'ners now to Death's all-conq'ring Pow'r,
In thoſe dark Caverns, whence they cannot riſe,
'Till the laſt Trump' ſhall call them to the Skies;
Then ev'ry Nerve (tho' into Atoms hurl'd)
Shall re-unite, and join th' aſſembling World.
Conſcience (inſpir'd from each obſcure Abode)
Crys out, Prepare! prepare! to meet thy God!
Aloud proclaims a Day of final Doom,
Which Sound re-echoes from each neigb'ring Tomb.
Vault after Vault, and Grave on Grave appear,
The High, the Low, the Fool, the Wiſe, lie here;

Here all Diſputes are huſh'd, Diſſenſions ceaſe,
And each partakes profound, *untaſted* Peace,
Heedleſs of Grandeur paſt, the nobleſt Buſt
Diſſolves, or mingles with the Peaſant's Duſt.
Titles, Diſtinctions, Precedence, and Names,
Conteſted once, might ſet the World in Flames,
Now reconcil'd, no more to Feuds give Birth,
But blend promiſcuous in the Womb of Earth;
Where deep Oblivion's Reign obſcures each Senſe,
Strict Silence ſeals the Tongues of Eloquence,
Inaction binds each nervous powerful Arm,
And foul Corruption blights each former Charm;
Humour and Wit deſert this dreary Spot
Where Arts and Sciences are all forgot;
" As much by Him who Life to Day reſign'd
" As thoſe who've ſlept for Ages out of Mind*."
Here Perſecution can no more infeſt,
And Merit from Detraction is redreſt:
Fell Envy's Sting diſlodg'd, all Diſcord fled,
A ſolemn Stillneſs reigns among the Dead.

* Popes Eſſay.

In

In yon' diſtinguiſh'd, unincumber'd Spot *
(Tho' not exempted from the common Lot,
Nature's great Debt diſcharg'd, to Earth conſign'd)
There reſt the Relicts of a noble Mind †;
Whoſe Splendour an unnumber'd Number fed,
That under his Auſpices earn'd their Bread;
His Looks depending Thouſands kept in Awe,
His Form ſpoke Majeſty, his Word a Law;
Of Knowledge gain'd by few he was poſſeſs'd,
And with Succeſſes eminently bleſs'd;

* A particular Part of the conſecrated Ground where thoſe, whoſe Circumſtances will not afford to pay the required Premium, were not permitted to be buried.

† The late William Lemon, Eſq. Grandſire to the preſent Sir William Lemon, Bart. This Gentleman was graceful and manly in his Perſon, over which was diffuſed an expreſſive Grandeur, which exacted Homage from all who approached him: Yet in his Behaviour towards thoſe with whom he converſed, open, eaſy, and free. He was endowed with an extraordinary Share of intellectual Qualifications, and in various Degrees of extenſive Knowledge excelled moſt of his Cotemporaries. He had the Honour of being held in high Eſtimation by ſome of the firſt Perſonages in this Kingdom, and the Pleaſure of ſeeing himſelf the Benefactor of great Numbers of the lower Claſs, by encouraging Labourers and Artificers of almoſt every Denomination. —He cloſed an active and beneficial Life in the Year 1760.

New Plans devis'd, by which himſelf he made
The Arm of Commerce, and Support of Trade;
Improvements ſtill held forth to public View,
Tending to pleaſe, to help, and ſuccour too;
At once t' engage the Pleaſure-ſeeking Eye,
And all th' induſtrious Labourer's Needs ſupply;
Rural Receſſes, Halcion Retreats,
Exalted Structures, and delightful Seats;
(Magnificence, with Beauty, grac'd the Whole,
Spreading the Owner's Name from Pole to Pole);
He form'd, nor leſs did his ſtrong Coffers hold,
Treaſures of Wealth, uncounted Heaps of Gold.
Thus to the Age of Man arriv'd, he then
With Honour clos'd his threeſcore Years and ten:
Such was the Man whom *Pleb'ians* now ſurvey
Beneath their Feet, reduc'd to common Clay,
On the ſame Level with the abject Poor,
" 'Tis all He is"—*dead:*—*Monarchs* are no more!
When the grim Tyrant has his Warrant giv'n,
And comes commiſſion'd from the Court of Heav'n.

No

No human Power his Forces can withſtand,
Nor Angel's Arm repel his lifted Hand:
Regardleſs of Diſtinctions, Sex, or Age,
He conquers all with whom he dares t' engage.
For lo! beneath this memorable Tomb,
Victim to Death's Arreſt in Manhood's Bloom,
All earthly Confidence hence to deſtroy,
A Father's Hope, and doating Mother's Joy,
Lies, th' only Son*; them Providence had given,
The greateſt Bleſſing they enjoy'd from Heav'n;
To their large Fortune, and joint Virtues, Heir;
Their mutual Cares this much lov'd Youth did ſhare,
But Fate, to mortal Happineſs ſevere,
Invaded e'er he reach'd his thirtieth Year;

* Mr. Charles Peters, Jun. was endowed with every Accompliſhment requiſite to form the complete Gentleman in the moſt extenſive Comprehenſion of that Title, and adorn the Poſſeſſion of the affluent Fortune to which his Birth entitled him.—He was eaſy of Acceſs, free, and condeſcending to all Men; his Amuſements were rational and manly; and a peculiar Moderation therein, together with the conſtant Practice of every moral Virtue, diſtinguiſhed him from moſt of his Age and Rank. As a civil Magiſtrate his Conduct was exemplary, and in every relation in Life Praiſe-worthy.

Phyſical

Phyſical Skill in vain eſſay'd to ſave
The deſtin'd Victim from an early Grave:
Yet whilſt his Conduct Mem'ry ſhall retain,
Tho' ſhort his Race, he lived not in vain;
A Pattern for ſucceeding great and ſmall,
Courteouſly kind, and affable to all;
By no rude Paſſions was this Mind beguil'd,
His Carriage humble, and his Temper mild;
Chearfully grave and elegantly plain,
Pride he deſpis'd, with all her baneful Train;
Upon his Lips no guileful Treach'ry hung,
Nor Falſhood ſtain'd the Tenor of his Tongue;
When public Offices became his Care,
Lenity mingled with meek Juſtice there:
In private Life, what meeting Virtues blend!
The duteous Son, kind Brother, ſtedfaſt Friend:
To him Diſtreſs unheeded ne'er complain'd,
Alike by Vice and Avarice unſtain'd;
To Heaven's Appointment happily reſign'd,
Serene he died, and left Life's Pomp behind.

May ſuch Examples point our Thoughts to riſe
From Earth, and ſoar to Manſions in the Skies;
'Twixt Gain, Ambition, and vain Folly's Call,
Keep the ſtrict mean, indiff'rent to them all,
Anſw'ring (when each for Eminence contends)
Here Folly ceaſes, and Ambition ends*.
Thus when we ruminate, where Laurel blooms,
O'er Hero's Monuments, and Conqu'ror's Tombs,
They add no more, but this ſtrict Truth maintains,
" Nought but a Heap of putrid Clay remains."
In this ſame Sepulchre with filial Care
Interr'd, here reſt the venerable Pair †,
Whoſe proſp'rous Days did long and cloudleſs run,
'Till Death depriv'd them of their darling Son;
Suddenly ſnatch'd him from their feeble Arms,
And ſtrip'd the World of her deluſive Charms:

* The Grave.

† Mr. and Mrs. Peters, the Parents of Mr. Charles Peters, Jun. were as univerſally reſpected as known; they lived happily, unmoleſted by the Severity of Fate till their advanced Age, when they received their Portion of temporal Affliction in the Loſs of this amiable young Gentleman.

Whence

Whence ſadly taught by the inſtructive Foe,
That Vanity's the End of all below;
They earneſt long'd to cloſe the painful Strife
Nor longer draw the heavy Clog of Life.
Being its Inheritance reſerv'd to know
When Strength ebb'd out, and ev'ry Pulſe beat low,
In their laſt Stage by one faint Evening Ray
Doom'd to ſupport the Burthen of the Day.
Alarming Circumſtance! but none can be
Mortal, and from all human Sorrows free;
Life on us Death, and Pains, and Cares doth bind,
And Suff'ring is the Lot of all Mankind:
Thro' Time's dark Paſſage, Woe's impetuous Flood,
O'erwhelms alike the Evil and the Good.
Thoſe walk'd with Caution, and no Act appears,
To blot the long Succeſſion of their Years;
Humility and Kindneſs were their Guide,
Blameleſs they liv'd, and virtuouſly they died.
Near to this Spot, but where no Trace appears,
Since twenty-one long circulating Years

Hath

Hath levell'd all, and left no Mark whereby
To point the Cave out where his Duſt doth lye.
Who, tho' diſtinguiſh'd by no ſuperb Birth,
Nor ſounding Title of the High of Earth,
Poſſeſs'd an humble Heart and gen'rous Mind,
Thoſe brighteſt Ornaments of Human Kind.
No temp'ral Diſappointments cou'd defeat
His Hopes, which ne'er aſpir'd at being great;
To live content and peaceful, was the Plan
Of this humane, benev'lent, worthy Man:
For his own Uſes, and to help the Poor,
He ever found Supplies; nor graſp'd at more;
But did his Mite to Miſery impart,
With lib'ral Hand, and ſympathizing Heart.
To Kindneſs ready, and to Anger ſlow,
During his Life he never made a Foe;
But did to all Mankind good Will extend,
And ev'ry Individual was his Friend.
To him for Succour oft the Helpleſs fled,
His needy Neighbour at his Table fed;

The houſeleſs Stranger, with Fatigue oppreſs'd,
Beneath his Roof, Refreſhment found and Reſt;
When chearful Friends ſat round his feſtive Board,
(With hoſpitable Plenty aptly ſtor'd),
To Merit he did ſtill direct the Toaſt,
And made him welcomeſt who wanted moſt.
Deceit and Guile his open Heart abhor'd,
He 'gainſt the Innocent took no Reward,
Nor haſted Widows' Houſes to devour,
But aided all unto his utmoſt Pow'r;
In all his Dealings he was juſt and true,
His Virtues many, and his Faults but few:
This Atteſtation Candour doth impel
From me, who knew his Principles ſo well.
Then, long and much lamented Relicks dear,
Accept the Tribute of a filial Tear,
Which grateful Nature to thy Mem'ry lends,
Thou beſt of Fathers, and thou beſt of Friends.
Were but thy Deeds of Charity here ſhown,
Characteriz'd upon the ſpeaking Stone,

Then

Then for Inſtruction might Ambition come,
And find a Leſſon in thy honeſt Tomb:
For if unfeigned general Love within,
And charitable Acts, attone for Sin,
And thoſe entitle to Rewards divine,
The glorious Promiſe ſurely muſt be thine.
Bleſſings Heav'n gave thee here, yet did inſtil
Into thy Cup Conſumption's bitter Ill;
Which with thy Nature wag'd a painful Strife,
And one inceſſant Struggle render'd Life:
But here thou ſlumber'ſt, not in Earth alone,
For thy Cotemporaries, one by one,
Have almoſt all, ſince thou reſign'dſt thy Breath,
Been laid low with thee in the Vale of Death.
So we, who populate the preſent Age,
And act our Parts on Life's phantaſtic Stage,
Whilſt, in their Turn, for us our Children weep,
E'er long cut down, ſhall with our Fathers ſleep.
Some premature doth Fate from Time divide,
Lopping the Branches while the Roots abide,

Strides o'er the lowly Shrub, and aims his Stroke
Rapacious at the lofty-tow'ring Oak,
Which falls before him, and augments his Reign
O'er Heaps of Carcaſes and Crowds of Slain:
For in yon Dome, a haſty Prey to Fate,
(Juſt ſhot from Childhood's inoffenſive State),
Lies her*, late ſprightly as the tender Fawn,
That bounding gambols o'er the verdant Lawn;
Fair as the Morning of a Summer's Day,
And ſweet as Flow'rets in the fragrant May;
Whilſt moſt to charm her gentle Mind contends
Indulgent Parents and admiring Friends,
With all which cou'd the youthful Fancy pleaſe,
Succeſſive Pleaſures, Affluence and Eaſe,
She found below,—nothing cou'd Nature do
To make Life's Joys more permanently true;
But vain, alas! are all the Hopes of Man,
His Tenor brittle, and his Life a Span:

* Miſs Nancy Allen, who died in a Conſumption when ſhe was about ſeventeen Years of Age.

Death,

Death, ſubtle Miner! work'd with certain Sloth,
Infus'd his Poiſon in her rapid Growth;
Thro' all her Vitals a dire Venom ſhed,
And rank'd the lovely Maid amongſt the Dead:
Nor cou'd her Conqueſt glut th' inſatiate Foe,
With fourfold Force he dealt his mighty Blow,
And three (not yet arriv'd at Man's Eſtate)
Promiſing Brothers ſhar'd her early Fate;
Perhaps collected to the peaceful Tomb
From gath'ring Clouds, and evil Days to come:
As from rude Winds and over-bearing Show'rs,
Men guard with prudent Care the tendereſt Flow'rs,
So thoſe ſafe ſhelter'd 's to be underſtood,
Who die betimes, whilſt innocent and good,
Greatly diſtinguiſh'd in Heav'n's wiſe Intents,
Which only does foreſee and rule Events.

Th' adjacent Pile contains a much-lov'd Friend*,
Whoſe Principles all Nature muſt commend;

There

* Mrs. Mary Newton, who died in March, 1777, aged about 24, in Child-Bed. She was deſervedly and univerſally lamented

There Senſe with Sweetneſs jointly did combine,
And variegated Charms did round her ſhine;
Above Diſguiſe, a Stranger to Deceit,
She neither ſcorn'd the Low, nor fear'd the Great;
But was from each Extreme alike remov'd,
To all obliging, and by all belov'd.
With Sentiments refin'd her Boſom glow'd,
Which from her Tongue in ſoft Perſuaſion flow'd;
Her Converſation, innocently gay,
Made Hours and Days unheeded glide away:
Tho' ſparkling Wit ſupremely ſhe poſſeſs'd,
Good-nature govern'd in her gen'rous Breaſt;
Induſtrious to ſuppreſs an ill Report,
And blunt the Edge of Scandal's cruel Court;
Each injur'd Name with Warmth ſhe did defend,
Ever moſt pleas'd, when moſt ſhe could befriend:
'Twas univerſal Love inform'd her Soul,
And ſolid Judgment crown'd the finiſh'd Whole;

ed by all who particularly knew her. She was a chearful Companion, and an agreeable Friend; endowed with an eminent Share of ſprightly Wit, blended with ſolid Reaſon, and every other Qualification requiſite to complete an amiable Woman.

Early

Early eſteem'd, ſhe young became a Wife,
And *Mother*, then reſign'd her valued Life!
A ſudden Chill damp'd all her vital Powers,
As bluſt'ring Winds conſume the faireſt Flowers;
O penſive Thought! O melancholy Theme!
Which makes the Mind with ſad Reflections teem,
In Bloom of Youth and circling Joys! cut down;
Others in Prime of Age and fair Renown:
Can none of thoſe ſucceed to purchaſe Breath?
Or from his Purpoſe bribe the Monſter Death?
All, all, together join'd, their Force muſt fail,
Nor can the pureſt Virtues thus prevail.
Then what is Life? its pompous vain Parade?
The empty Shadow of a fleeting Shade;
Its Hopes a Bubble, its beſt Joys a Toy,
Which Chance may break, or Accident deſtroy.
Tho' Worldly Minds, Ambition's Slaves conſpire
To raiſe their Names and build their Fortunes higher.
Thus runs our Title, on receiving Breath,
Sin's Subject, Sons of Woe, and Heirs of Death;

Which

Which Sentence all Mankind ſhall doubtleſs ſhare,
How e'er divided in their Stations here.
Lab'rinth of Ills, yet Path to Worlds of Bliſs,
If well improv'd the Good receiv'd in this.
Th' opulent Man who worſhips with his Store,
And the meek Bearing of the patient Poor,
Alike, in the approving Eye of *Heaven*,
Shall find Acceptance, and Reward be given:
In whoſe large Mercies and Paternal Care,
The Prince and Beggar have an equal Share.
Diſtinct our ſev'ral Lots are made below,
For wiſe Intents which we're forbid to know;
The well-wrought Chain in due Proportions roll,
And various Links but conſtitute the Whole.
With Earneſtneſs no State's to be deſir'd,
Where much is giv'n, there will be much requir'd,
And Indigence, with wild Impatience borne,
Incurs Heav'n's Anger and eternal Scorn;
It matters not who did in Power excel,
Who ſuffer'd moſt, but who have acted well;

Life's

Life's choiceſt Gifts thus us'd, its Struggles paſt,
Obedient Duſt returns to Duſt at laſt,
But the wing'd Spirit inſtant upward ſlies,
(Borne by good Deeds and Faith thro' pendent Skies)
To thoſe pure Plains of perfect Peace and Love,
Th' harmonious Manſions of the Bleſt above.

How ſweet to view the Juſt! what a Perfume
Of Grace and Glory riſes round their Tomb!
This Marble *here* points out M. R. Eſquire*,
Reflection draws th' imperfect Motto higher;

* The plain Marble Stone which this refers to, is marked only with M. R. the Date, Age, &c. but denotes the Grave of Michael Ruſſell, Eſq. He was a Gentleman of Great Fortune, which he chiefly dedicated to the Relief of the Neceſſitous; avoiding even the leaſt Appearance of Pomp and vain Glory, his Aſſociates were choſen more for their Eminence in Piety and Religion than the Advantages of Birth or Fortune; to be truly good was a never-failing Paſſport to his Boſom Friendſhip; it might juſtly be ſaid, "his Delight was in the Saints that were in the Earth." Thoſe two bright Luminaries of Chriſtianity, the late Rev. Mr. Samuel Walker and Mr. George Canon, were his moſt particular Intimates, through whoſe unwearied Aſſiduity and ſtedfaſt Perſeverance in the Promotion of Religion and Virtue, it is no Way to be doubted but Thouſands of Souls in the laſt Day will be added to the Number of the Bleſſed.

Cauſing juſt Mem'ry in ſtrong Lines to paint
" Here reſt the Manes of a diſtinguiſh'd Saint,
Who, tho' in Fortune high, of Birth elate,
Deign'd to deſcend to Men of low Eſtate;
Proof 'gainſt the Worldling's Sneer & Sland'rer's Rod,
He perſever'd in Truth to worſhip God;
Terreſtrial Honour, with her gaudy Train
Of Pomp and Pleaſures, ſpread her Net in vain;
To thoſe Aſſaults he nobly ſcorn'd to yield,
And under Chriſtian Banners won the Field.
Hope was his Helmet, and his chiefeſt Dreſs
The flowing Robes of Faith and Righteouſneſs:
From Satan's Snares unhurt he did remain,
To Chriſt he liv'd, and died t' immortal Gain."
Within*, rever'd in Death, as lov'd in Life,
Lies his meek, humble, charitable Wife†;

(Each

* In the Church.

† Mrs. Ruſſell was deſcended from a Family of Eminence both in Rank and Fortune, and no leſs diſtinguiſhable for their Benevolence and extenſive Charity.—She was adorned with every Advantage of Perſon and Accompliſhment of Mind that

can

(Each, equally prepar'd for Life or Death,
At diſtant Periods yielded up their Breath):
Of all his Virtues largely ſhe partook,
There a Saint's Mind ſhone thro' an Angel's Look,
In her, who every chriſtian Grace poſſeſt
That can refine and purify the Breaſt;
Strict Piety, with ſoft compaſſion join'd,
Fill'd all her Moments, and her ſpotleſs Mind;
Thus conſecrating Time and temp'ral Store
To help and ſuccour the ſurrounding Poor;
She held for each particular Diſtreſs
A Heart to Piety, and a Hand to bleſs:
Anguiſh to ſooth, th' Diſconſolate to chear,
To wipe from Mis'ry's Eye the falling Tear,

can poſſibly center the human Frame; and even in advanced Age bore ſuch an Impreſs of Lovelineſs and Grace, that every Beholder admired and venerated her; ſhe fed the Hungry and clothed the Naked, was Eyes to the Blind and Feet to the Lame, yet never diſcovered the leaſt Propenſity to Oſtentation, and avoided (as much as poſſible) all popular Applauſe. A warm Heart and an humble Soul actuated all her Deeds, which alone tended to advance the Glory of God, and the Welfare of Mankind.

Yielded thoſe pure Delights ſhe wiſh'd to know,
And which from virtuous Acts alone can flow.
Unceaſingly her Deeds of Good did riſe,
In balmy Odours to the ſmiling Skies;
Th' approving Godhead, from his radiant Throne,
Well-pleas'd beheld, and ſtamp'd her for his own.
Shed thro' her Soul a ſweet tranſcendent Joy,
Which Time, nor Chance, nor Death cou'd 'ere
deſtroy;
A Bliſs the nat'ral Heart can ne'er conceive,
Libertines ſlight, and Worldlings diſbelieve;
But is a real exiſtent Pleaſure given,
A certain Earneſt of a future Heaven,
Tranfuſing o'er the Mind a rapt'rous Peace,
Which thro' eternal Ages will encreaſe:
Such thoſe enjoy'd in tranſient Time, and now
A Weight of Glory crowns each Victor's Brow;
Together bleſs'd on the immortal Shore,
Diſeaſe can't reach, nor Death divide them more;
Tho' here they blaze not in the Liſts of Fame,
The nobleſt Trophy is a virtuous Name;

And

And theirs preſerv'd with reverential Care,
Embalms the Mem'ry of this gracious Pair*.
May it excite the Rich and Great to run
The Chriſtian Race, doing as they have done;
Duely t' improve the Talents Heav'n has lent
To anſwer its Deſign, and grand Intent;
By kind Benevolence augment that Store,
They'll then enjoy when Time ſhall be no more;
Like the wiſe Steward in yon Realms prepare,
When this World fails, ſure Habitations there †.
This World, where we from Wave to Wave are toſs'd,
In Jeopardy poſſeſs'd, in uſing loſt,
Its tranſient Joys, which ſhrinks from the Embrace,
And at each Turn Death ſtares us in the Face;

* "Hear what the Voice of Heav'n proclaims
"For all the pious Dead;
"Sweet is the Savour of their Names,
"And ſoft their ſleeping Bed."

WATTS.

† St. Luke, Chap. xvi. Verſe 9. — "And I ſay unto you, make to yourſelves Friends of the Mammon of Unrighteouſneſs; that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlaſting Habitations."

Who

Who hourly to his dark Dominions brings
Infidels, Chriſtians, Cottagers, and Kings:
The ſtouteſt Champion can't reſiſt this Foe,
Nor tender Infancy elude his Blow:
Had Innocence Exemption from his Reign,
This greedy Grave had op'd her Jaws in vain
To ſnatch her rich Contents, ſweet Peace annoy,
And ſap the Root of all my earthly Joy;
Which cent'ring there confeſs'd Death's ruthleſs Pow'r,
And felt its Force in her departing Hour,
Whoſe Agonies my trembling Heart did ſhare,
And each expiring Groan was echo'd there;
No ſecond Means were left untry'd to ſave,
This beauteous Body from the dreary Grave.
Sweet Bloſſom! thou firſt taught'ſt my Breaſt to prove
The warm Effuſions of maternal Love,
Encreaſing from the Inſtant it began,
Whilſt twice & half Twelve Months their Courſes ran,
When to that Height the tender Paſſion grew,
To part with Life ſeem'd leſs than part with you.

O'er

O'er all thy Frame what varying Charms did vie,
To fix with Pleaſure my delighted Eye;
Thy inoffenſive Prattle charm'd my Ear,
'Twas Bliſs to ſee, and Harmony to hear:
Perhaps too much Affection might provoke,
The Hand of Heav'n to ſend the fatal Stroke,
Cauſing thy gentle Spirit to regain
Her native Skies, and leave me to complain;
Comfort refuſe, and Conſolation ſlight
In Sighing ſpend each Day, in Tears the Night;
'Till the wild Onſets of diſtracting Grief,
Mellow'd by ſtealing Time, procur'd Relief,
When Reaſon and Religion both combine
T' enforce Submiſſion to the Hand divine *;
Who neither wounds in Sport, nor ſhoots by Chance,
But thro' ſlight Ills does future Bliſs advance.

* "Saints! at your heav'nly Father's Word,
"Give up your Comforts to the Lord;
"He ſhall reſtore what you reſign,
"Or grant you Bleſſings more divine."

WATTS.

Then

Then Nature ceaſe, nor longer fruitleſs mourn,
To her I haſte, to me ſhe'll ne'er return,
Who privileg'd high, forſook Life's thorny Road
Before its Ills laid on their bitter Load;
Diſguſted at this World, the new-come Gueſt
Juſt peep'd thereon, and then retir'd to Reſt.
Sleep on, dear Duſt! untainted Soul, ſtill reſt
From all thy Labours, baſk amongſt the Bleſt,
Full in the Beams of thy Redeemer's Face,
And, thro' a Ray of his imparted Grace:
O! may my Soul with thine united ſhare
Thoſe ſpringing Joys which bloom for ever there.
Nature recoils, and bids my Eyes ſurvey
Th' Apartments of (to me) leſs ſtriking Clay;
Which numerous in this Particle of Earth,
(Where ſolemn Thoughts receive immediate Birth)
Mark'd out by Nature from the common Herd,
For ſome peculiar Excellence prefer'd;
Whom Reaſon, Wit, or Beauty did adorn,
Lye here and there as ſcatter'd Grains of Corn;

The Noble, Gen'rous, Candid, and Sincere,
The Sprightly, Active, Gay, and Debonair;
Some who in recent Years were fully known,
Others familiar by Report alone.
Theſe lately mov'd, did all their Rights avow,
And acted as the buſtling World does now;
And thoſe divided from the Race of Man
E'er the Exiſtence of this Age began.
*Here's one late grac'd with an intrepid Mind,
Of noble Principles and Parts refin'd;

Whoſe

* Richard Huſſey, Eſq. who was an experienced Counſellor and judicious Member of Parliament. His Qualifications and Abilities for each of thoſe Offices were manifeſted by the univerſal Deſire of his officiating in them, and the general Satisfaction and Plaudit which attended all his diſintereſted Proceedings therein. Notwithſtanding the Eminence and Importance of thoſe Avocations which demanded his Attention, he preſerved the moſt implicit filial Reverence towards his venerable Mother; the greateſt Tenderneſs and Affection for his Siſters; a ſincere Good-will towards (and Readineſs to ſerve) his Fellow-Creatures; and a peculiar Kindneſs and Lenity to his Servants, who grew old under his Roof, and when he could no onger make Uſe of their Attendance, he beſtowed on each what would enable them to ſpend the Remainder of their Days eaſy and comfortable. The Floods of Tears ſhed by Crowds of the

Whoſe Thoughts on Wiſdom's higheſt Pinions ſoar'd,
Whence Senſe exalted guided ev'ry Word:
His Council Sorrow ſooth'd, blind Rage diſarm'd,
And as a well-tun'd Lute his Language charm'd;
Corrected Reaſon all his Paſſions ſway'd,
Judgment's juſt Balance all his Actions weigh'd;
Quick to conceive, yet cautious to advance;
Diſcerning Cauſes at a ſingle Glance;
He did each Turn and trite Avenue know
In Courts of Juſtice, and in Points of Law;
The Right from Wrong judiciouſly divide,
Harangue with Candour, and with Truth decide.
When Council call'd to Cabinet Debate,
How mild, how ſtrong, impartial and ſedate,
His ſolid Arguments ſerenely flow'd,
And drew th' Applauſe of the ſurrounding Crowd.

Poor at his Grave atteſted the extenſive Charity he exerciſed in private Donations, and gave a convincing Proof of his Obſervance of the Divine Command, viz. "Let not thy "Right Hand know what thy Left Hand doth." St. Matt. vi. 4.

To

To *Private* he prefer'd the *Public* Weal,
And did a patriotic Ardour feel;
Meaſures, which ſervile Stateſmen wou'd admit,
Oppos'd he with the Firmneſs of a Pitt;
Collected in himſelf, diſdaining Fear,
Alike he held his King and Country dear;
Whom equally to ſerve, ſupport, protect,
He perſever'd, nor ſwerv'd thro' baſe Neglect;
On Glory's Wing his Fame ſpread wide and far,
He grac'd the Senate, and adorn'd the Bar:
Theſe when he died an Ornament reſign'd,
The Deſtitute a Benefactor kind;
Th' Oppreſs'd that Patron who'd their Rights defend,
Honour an Offspring, and Mankind a Friend.

Flavius lies ſilent there, whom all admit,
Wore the keen Plume of double-pointed Wit;
His varying Turns of Lively Humour brought
Perpetual Food for Vacancy of Thought;
Which did a Banquet aptly ſtor'd prepare,
To kill the tedious Hours, and baffle Care;

By pleaſing Rhetoric he did ſtill convey
Amuſement to the Trifling, Vain, and Gay;
Vivacity with careleſs Eaſe combin'd
T' allure the Senſe, and captivate the Mind:
A well concerted Jeſt, or jovial Song,
(The ſocial Hour to heighten or prolong)
Stood ever ready, ſuited to prevent
Th' Approach of Care, and gloomy Diſcontent;
Serious Reflections were repuls'd in Haſte;
The chearful Circle ſprightly Flavius grac'd,
Where revell'd Mirth, in loud tumultuous Noiſe,
Light Diſſipation, and exterior Joys:
His Converſe ſhed around a jocund Glee,
Determin'd to be eaſy, blithe, and free;
His Arrows ne'er were pointed to offend
The boon Companion, or the cordial Friend;
Gay Pleaſures round no Leiſure gave to think,
Or near ſurvey the Grave till on its Brink:
Thus ſportive paſs'd he Life's light Hours away,
'Till Fate her Victim claim'd, and Worms their Prey.

Death's

Death's icey Graſp does likewiſe here unfold,
Amelia, caſt in Nature's faireſt Mould;
Whoſe Graces ſuch, none knew which charm'd the moſt
Of this triumphant univerſal Toaſt:
The giddy Crowd admiring did ſurvey
(Whence numerous Conqueſts mark'd each riſing Day);
Her finiſh'd Form, too delicate to bear
Th' enliv'ning Sun, or renovating Air;
But when ſoft Breezes and mild Beams conſpire
To blend the Lilly and the Roſes higher,
By Adulation fir'd, her flutt'ring Breaſt
No other Hope imbib'd, nor Wiſh poſſeſs'd,
But uncontеſted Empire to maintain,
And thro' Youth's fleeting Hour the Pegeant reign;
Unrivall'd ſtill, to hold deſpotic Sway
O'er the Polite, the Volatile and Gay:
Thus to Externals ev'ry Thought confin'd,
Uncultivated lay the nobler Mind,

'Till

'Till vengeful Time (who ſues for ſad Neglect),
Obſcur'd thoſe Graces which her Perſon deck'd;
With rapid Steps her Beauty did aſſail,
The Lilly pluck'd, and turn'd the Roſes pale;
Obſcur'd the Luſtre of her Sparkling Eyes,
Whence from her Face each Pow'r to conquer flies.
Emphatical ſhe felt this ſtern Demand,
And view'd approaching Death with lifted Hand:
Alarm'd, then ſtarting! woke as from a Trance,
And begg'd a Truce e'er he'd his Pow'rs advance;
Experimentally convinc'd (tho' late),
How tranſient Beauty's Bloom, and Pleaſure's Date:
With deep Contrition, not to be expreſs'd,
She turn'd to Hea'vn, her num'rous Faults confeſs'd,
Compaſſion aſk'd, thereon alone rely'd,
Calm peace obtain'd, and unreluctant dy'd.
O, Grace divine! O, never-failing Flood!
Rich Efficacy of a Saviour's Blood,
Which on our Souls in plenteous Show'rs is ſent,
When our Deſerts are only Puniſhment,

By forfeiting, thro' a continual Strife
With Heav'n, all Claim to Everlaſting Life:
Yet ſov'reign Love, indulgent from on High,
Beholds us Creatures with a pitying Eye;
The Saviour, who on Mercy's Errand came,
And knows the Frailties of our mortal Frame,
Atonement pleads, excruciating Pain!
And prays his Blood may not be ſhed in vain;
Subdu'd the Father's Wrath, and ireful Frown,
He lays th' avenging Sword of Juſtice down;
Whilſt Heav'n's Orcheſtra with Hoſannahs ring,
To David's Son, and Iſrael's hallow'd King;
Whoſe poſitive unerring Word declares,
Reluctant he condemns, with Pleaſure ſpares;
And binds ſuch Union betwixt Earth and Heav'n,
That Angels glory in a Soul forgiv'n*:
No Crimes ſo great Chriſt's Merits can't atone,
Nor Sin-pierc'd Soul excluded Mercy's Throne;

* St. Luke, Chap. xv. Verſe 7.—" I ſay unto you, that likewiſe Joy ſhall be in Heaven over one Sinner that repenteth more than Ninety-nine juſt Perſons which need no Repentance."

So

So the Diſtemper'd don't enhance the Wound,
Rolling in Sin that Mercy may abound * ;
Reſiſt the Holy Spirit in the Heart,
And, by reſiſting, bid that Gueſt depart ;
Thro' ſenſual Luſts the wretched Soul debaſe,
Conviction ſhun, and ſlight the Day of Grace :
To ſuch th' Redeemer in his Goſpel cries,
(Whilſt Tears again bedew immortal Eyes †)
" My Mediation was for thee employ'd,
" O, wretched Man ! thou haſt thyſelf deſtroy'd ;
" How oft wou'd I (zealous for Mortals good,
" Juſt as the Hen collects her tender Brood ‡)
" Have ta'en thy Soul beneath my pow'rful Arm,
" And ſhelter'd it from ev'ry Kind of Harm ;

* Romans, Chap. vi. Verſe 1, &c.—" Shall we continue in Sin, that Grace may abound ? God forbid."

† St. Luke, Chap. xix. Verſe 41.—" And when he was come near, he beheld the City, and wept over it."

‡ St. Matthew, Chap. xxiii. Verſe 37.—" O, Jeruſalem ! Jeruſalem ! how often would I have gathered thy Children together, even as a Hen gathereth her Chickens under her Wings, and ye would not."

" But

" But thou each peaceful Overture withſtood,
" And fruitleſs made my Miſſion, Croſs, and Blood
" To thee, which flow'd for all the fallen Race,
" And I to each have ſhewn my ſaving Grace * ."
When heav'nly Light dawns on our tender Minds,
How bleſs'd that Soul who with its Influence joins,
Striving each wayward Paſſion to ſubdue,
Looks thro' the preſent to the future View,
Calmly inſpects each State of Mortal Life,
Which ſeeing clogg'd with Sorrow, Care, and Strife,
Indiff'rent who may temporal Honours prove,
Aſpires at thoſe more permanent above;
Thither each conſtant Wiſh and Motion bent,
Finds little to amend, or to repent:
Thus led by Grace, ſtedfaſt in Virtue's Way,
Walks on ſecure, nor lets his Footſteps ſtray;
Tranquillity each Morning to him ſprings,
Each Midnight Hour ſweet Conſolation brings;

* " For the Grace of God, which bringeth Salvation, hath appeared unto all Men."

Divine Communion whiſpers in his Breaſt,
Diſpels its Doubts, and ſooths its Cares to reſt;
And whilſt his humble Hope on Chriſt relies,
Celeſtial Glory beams upon his Eyes:
All ſuch (unceaſing) their glad Off'rings pay
At Heaven's high Altar, ev'ry riſing Day;
And under its divine Protection lie
At Night, indiff'rent, or to ſleep, or die.
Whatever Pit or rugged Path appears,
In trav'lling thro' this deſert Vale of Tears,
Undaunted thoſe purſue their ſteady Courſe,
Whoſe Pleaſures iſſue from a boundleſs Source *;
Tho' raging Malice a black Curtain ſpread,
And Storms of Vengeance threat the guiltleſs Head,
Trials and Perſecutions teem below,
Misfortunes (as a Current) round him flow,

* Pſalm lxxxiv. Verſes 5, 6, and 7.—" Bleſſed is the Man whoſe Strength is in thee: in whoſe Heart are thy Ways."—" Who going through the Vale of Miſery, uſe it for a Well: and the Pools are filled with Water." — " They will go from Strength to Strength: and unto the God of Gods appeareth every one of them in Sion."

Upborn on Pillars of immortal Hope,
(The firmeſt Baſis, the ſecureſt Prop)
Compos'd he ſees the burſting Torrents roll
In Waves contending to deſtroy the Soul:
Impregnable to thoſe Attempts he ſtands,
(Defended by an Hoſt of glitt'ring Bands)
Truſting for Succour to the Hand unſeen,
Tho' Clouds obſcure, and Croſſes intervene,
While Faith with Fortitude the Boſom ſhares,
What Manhood deeply feels, the Chriſtian bears.
When Death appears, diſrob'd of its Diſguiſe,
And Scorpions ſting before his languid Eyes,
Calmly ſubmiſſive, chearfully reſign'd,
(No guilty Terrors riſing to the Mind)
He views the Joy which diſſolution brings,
And greets this Mandate from the King of Kings,
Whoſe Vehicle attends to waft him o'er
To fairer Regions, and a ſafer Shore;
Where thro' Empyrean Plains the Spirit roves
Ambroſial Bow'rs, and Aromatic Groves,

From whence, whilſt Floods of Bliſs perpetual flow,
He looks with Pity on Mankind below;
From Joy to Joy, fledg'd with new Glories, flies,
Nor heeds where the deſerted Body lies.

That this is no enthuſiaſtic Theme,
Chimerical Conceit, or fancied Dream,
Demonſtrative to evidence its Truth,
A Child of Piety, from blooming Youth,
* Lies here entomb'd, who Heav'n in earneſt ſought,
And ſet the Blandiſhments of Life at nought;

* The eminently pious Mrs. Jane Giddy.—She was the Daughter of the late deſervedly much-eſteemed Mr. Walter Roſewarne: About her fifteenth Year (a Time when moſt young People of great Dependencies are launching out into all the faſhionable Amuſements and Gaieties of Life) ſhe became a Convert to Heaven, under the powerful Inſtructions of that faithful Servant of Chriſt the Rev. Mr. Samuel Walker, wherein ſhe perſevered, "turning neither to the Right, nor to the Left," but walked in the Commandments of God all the Days of her Life, which received its Period about her thirtieth Year, leaving behind her, to the Protection of her ſorrowing Friends, one only Child; for the Welfare of whoſe Soul (according to the Tenor of her own Conduct) it is to be preſumed, ſhe was moſt tenderly concerned, and conſequently recommended her immortal Part in a moſt pathetic Manner to their Attention, when ſhe no longer could watch over her.

Early

Early the Paths of Righteouſneſs ſhe trod,
Not Worlds cou'd win her to forſake her God,
Nor ſlack her pure conſiſtent Chriſtian Race,
And conſtant Off'rings at the Throne of Grace;
Partaking largely of redeeming Love,
(In copious Streams of Pleaſure from above);
Earth's idle Pomp in vain t' engage her ſought,
Whilſt Mammon Show'rs of golden Treaſures brought;
Theſe cou'd not prompt by Flattery, nor force
Her conſtant Mind to ſhrink from Virtue's Courſe;
She gratefully receiv'd, with Temp'rance us'd,
Nor e'er the Gifts of bounteous Heav'n abus'd.
Thro' a dark Gall'ry*, with a ſolemn Pace,
Death ſtalk'd, ſhe ſaw, nor ſhun'd his cold Embrace;
Her pious Meditations wing'd their Flight,
To the pure Regions of unmix'd Delight;
Where Songs of Praiſe, and gladſome ſhouts of Joy,
Souls, like her own, perpetually employ;

* Conſumption.

Unaw'd

Unaw'd ſhe waited the Command to riſe,
And join the Chorus of the lofty Skies.
With what Serenity, juſt ent'ring Heav'n,
Unto her Friends was her laſt Farewell giv'n!
Imagination fails, juſtly to paint
The weighty Words of an expiring Saint;
Where Duty, Love, and Piety, kept Pace,
And all united in a laſt Embrace.
"Dear Huſband, Father, Mother, we muſt part,
Death, the great Pioneer, has reach'd my Heart;
To you my earthly All I now reſign,
Be your laſt Moments full of Peace like mine;
Yet long and happy may you ſojourn here,
To whoſe kind Care I truſt my Betſy dear;
As yet her Faculties, Deſires, and Will,
Lie wrapp'd in Ignorance of Good and Ill,
And indiſcriminate themſelves diſplay
As Nature points, or Inſtinct's Dictates ſway;
Reaſon, inactive in her Infant Breaſt,
(By inoffenſive childiſh Thoughts poſſeſt)

Slumbers,

Slumbers, 'till Time, whoſe Race no Pauſe allows,
Her Mind doth ripen, and the Paſſions rouſe;
In Youth's gay Seaſon prone to ſtart aſide
From ſerious Thought, and follow Cuſtom's Guide,
Within whoſe View Life's promis'd Date appears
A long, long Series of revolving Years;
Which ſhews Eternity, whilſt Health beats high,
Too diſtant for the Ken of human Eye;
Religious Duties fit alone t' engage
Diſtemper'd Bodies, and decrepit Age;
Holding it certain, that the lateſt Breath
May mediate with Heav'n, and treat with Death:
Fatal Miſtake! ſince Time's inceſſant Wave,
Bears rapid from the Cradle to the Grave;
Death's dread Allies, and Emiſſaries rife,
At every Period break the Thread of Life,
Fevers, Contagions, Apoplexies rage,
And War with mortal Man perpetual wage;
Such Shafts of Fate around continual fly,
The Wonder's greater to ſurvive, than die.

Then ſince, unwarn'd, the Soul's oft ſnatch'd away,
Without the Time to think, or Pow'r to pray;
With Caution great, and Circumſpection mild,
Watch o'er the young Ideas of my Child;
Obſerve what Turn her Inclinations take,
And keep the lambent Flame of Grace awake,
In Virtue's Paths train up the tender Maid,
(All gracious Heav'n will your Endeavours aid)
With juſt Contempt of Temp'rals early ſtrike
Her Soul; and as ſhe will (my Parents dear) alike
Your fond Affections, Rank, and Fortune ſhare,
O! guard her op'ning Mind with double Care,
Leſts Life's vain Pomp her artleſs Thoughts betray,
And Folly lead her heedleſs Steps aſtray,
From Self-ſufficiency, Diſdain, and Pride,
(Too oft with Eaſe and Affluence ally'd)
Inſtruct her to abſtain, and ever ſtrive
T' improve thoſe Graces which will Time ſurvive;
Her Maker ſerve with Reverence profound,
And beam complaiſant Smiles on all around;

Earth's

Earth's Treaſures barter for true Peace within,
Nor taſte thoſe Joys which terminate in Sin;
Her Neighbour's love, Nature's great God adore,
Befriend the Injur'd, and relieve the Poor;
Each Chriſtian Duty conſtantly purſue,
And ever keep Eternity in view.
From Practices like theſe true Comfort ſprings,
Which to the Soul ſweet Satisfaction brings;
Thro' tranſient Time does tranquil Peace impart,
And when Death's Harbingers invade the Heart,
Pure Pleaſures glow amidſt the painful Strife,
From a calm Conſcience, and a well-ſpent Life.
Theſe my departing Precepts urge and bind,
Upon the Fibres of her gentle Mind;
Which when imbib'd, and into Habit plac'd,
I humbly truſt will never be effac'd:
This my laſt Duty done, again farewell!"
Methinks ſhe utter'd*, when her Cadence fell;

Then,

* It is not here meant that thoſe were Mrs. Giddy's actual Words at the Inſtant of her Departure: But the many ſimilar

Then, ſmiling, ſunk to everlaſting Reſt,
And breath'd her Soul out on her Saviour's Breaſt.
O glorious Exit! rapt'rous, happy Flight!
To Manſions of pure permanent Delight,
Where ſpringing Pleaſures and encreaſing Joy,
Admit not Intermiſſion nor Alloy,
Which Saints made perfect ſhall unchang'd partake,
When Planets fall, Earth's maſſy Pillars ſhake,
The rolling Orbs are from their Stations hurl'd,
Rapacious Flames involve the Nether World,
The Moon diſſolves in Blood, fix'd Stars retire
In torrid Streams of elemental Fire;
And Heav'n withdraws, more awful to diſplay,
The ſolemn Pomp of this tremendous Day;
Which, when approaching, Nature will affright,
Thereon the Sun ſhall loſe her Beams of Light;

Methods which ſhe took, and Arguments ſhe made uſe of, to enforce the Practice of Religion and Chriſtianity in her Relations, Acquaintance, and all who enjoyed the Bleſſing of her Converſation; were they collected, and Copies thereof circulated, there can be no Kind of Doubt that it would make laſting Impreſſions, to the End of Time, on the Mind of every well-diſpoſed Peruſer.

In

In deepeſt Sables hovering Clouds retreat,
The tow'ring Mountains melt with fervent Heat;
Contending Waves of Blood o'erflow the Land,
The Sea give up her Dead, the Grave expand;
When in the wond'rous Void, auguſt, profound,
Th' Archangel doth the final Trumpet ſound;
The faithful Dead firſt call'd, ſhall firſt ariſe *,
And incorruptible approach the Skies;
Where their immortal Souls again they'll greet,
Rapt'rous their Meeting, their Re-union ſweet;
Bleſt Conſummation ſhall their Joys advance,
Beyond the Reach of Accident or Chance;
Whilſt they in ſhining Ranks of Glory wait,
The mighty Triumphs of the Judgment Seat,
Which holds, enthron'd in Majeſty divine
(In whom fierce Terror and mild Mercy ſhine)
The once meek Lamb, whoſe Blood, profuſely ſpilt,
Flow'd a free Sacrifice for Sin and Guilt;

* St. Matthew, Chap. xxiv. Verſe 31.—"And he ſhall ſend his Angels with a great ſound of a Trumpet, and they ſhall gather together his Elect from the four Winds, from one End of Heaven to the other."

All human Sorrows bore, and Death, to pave
(Thro' the dark Chambers of the gloomy Grave)
A Road to living Streams of perfect Grace,
For the revolting Sons of Adam's Race:
Then God and Man aſcended to the Skies,
Nor drop'd his Charge, but heard from Heav'n our Cries;
To human Errors patient, from Above
He ſent kind Overtures of Peace and Love;
His Meſſengers commiſſion'd Earth around,
To fill with free Salvation's joyful Sound;
Without Reſpect of Perſons, far and wide,
To tell Mankind, for all a Saviour dy'd;
And all to accept his offer'd Grace invite,
Whoſe Yoke is eaſy, and his Burthen light.
But now his Patience and Forbearance ends;
No more the Arm of Mercy he extends,
So long held out to rebel Man in vain,
Who ſcorn'd his Yoke, embracing Satan's Chain,
Revolving Time her circling Race hath Run!
Nature's extinct! Eternity begun!

The Lamb once ſlain, Redeemer, Saviour dear,
A Lion now in Judgment ſhall appear:
In this great Day of his Almighty Ire,
His Vengeance ſhall be as devouring Fire;
Light uncreated glorioufly adorns,
Thoſe ſacred Temples, once beſet with Thorns;
The Sword of Juſtice, awful Judgment's Crown
He wears, bright Angels at his Feet bow down,
And Devils ſtand, and tremble at his Frown.
How truly happy thoſe in Chriſt, who then
Stand unappall'd amongſt the Sons of Men;
When Rays of Light'ning from his Eyes ſhall dart
Conviction to th' obdurate Sinner's Heart,
And Apprehenſion in hoarſe Thunders roll
Deſpairing Horrors to the guilty Soul;
Conſcience, grand Umpire of the human Breaſt,
(In all her Robes of raging Vengeance dreſt)
With loud-tongu'd Clamours ſhall for Sin arraign,
And as ten thouſand Witneſſes remain *;

* "And a Man's own Conſcience ſhall be as ten thouſand Witneſſes."

Black

Black Crime on Crime call up, in dire Array,
Which dreadful Threat'nings to the Mind convey,
While ſcorching Flames of fell Deſpair confound,
Lit from the Torch of blazing Worlds around;
A yawning Hell beneath ſtriving to ſhun,
He'll to the lofty Rocks and Mountains run:
" Fall on! O hide! ſecure me from the Rod
" Of gnawing Conſcience and an incens'd God!
" Inflicting Torments for paſt ſlighted Grace:
" To 'ſcape his Fury, and avoid his Face,
" Let me beneath your weighty Cruſh remain,
" Or ſhrink, unnotic'd, in the Earth again."
Vain the Petition! impotent their Aid!
The trembling Culprit, naked and diſmay'd,
Muſt ſtand the Teſt, when Mountain, Hill, and Rock
Conſuming, vaniſh like aſcending Smoke;
Then round and round in wild Amaze he turns,
Too late relents, too late his Folly mourns
Thoſe Breaches made in Heav'n's moſt righteous Laws,
Without an Advocate to plead his Cauſe

In

In this great Court, wherein no Bribe can clear,
No Witneſs falſe, no partial Jury's here,
Nor perjur'd Atteſtation is believ'd
By him, who cannot err, nor be deceiv'd:
No darling Sin ſo deeply hid does lie,
To 'ſcape the Queſtion of his ſearching Eye,
Which pierces thro' the darkeſt Shades of Night,
And brings each ſecret impious Work to light;
Hypocriſy detected, ev'ry Thought
Shall be expos'd, and into Judgment brought,
Before both Men and Angels ſtand reveal'd,
However ſpeciouſly in Time conceal'd;
Where Envy ſtings, or Treachery beguiles,
Beneath the Surface of deceiving Smiles,
And whilſt the tutor'd Tongue ſoft Sounds impart,
Ruin in Ambuſh animates the Heart:
T' elude whoſe Snares (tho' as the Serpent wiſe)
Men fail, when clad in Virtue's ſacred Guiſe,
Which is a Maſque too oft aſſum'd to hide,
Theſe ſelfiſh Paſſions which the Soul divide,

Whilſt

Whilſt darling Int'reſt ev'ry Deed inſpires,
And the Heart burns with covetous Deſires:
(Wealth by the miſcreant Mind be'ng underſtood
To fill the Void of ev'ry genuine Good)
Sometimes thoſe Batteries are play'd, unſeen,
Behind a ſeeming open honeſt Mien,
Or in the Veil of pure Religion dreſs'd;
Vice keeps her Court in the Profeſſor's Breaſt,
Where Subtlety the Garb of Wiſdom wears,
And Avarice the Stamp of Prudence bears;
Thence aided, with Facility convey
Words to delude, and Geſtures to betray.
Yet ſuch, too oft the Error of Mankind,
To Riches ſuppliant, and to Merit blind,
That, tho' drawn by delicious Gain's fond Dreams,
The greedy Wretch a Thouſand various Schemes,
To circumvent a Brother, ſhou'd deviſe,
(If golden Profits does from thence ariſe)
Whilſt the poor unſuſpecting Victim bleeds,
Succeſſes ſanctify th' Oppreſſor's Deeds;

Proſperity's

Proſperity's Advance bids Cenſure flee,
Commands th' applauding Voice, the ready Knee,
And on e'en cruel Acts this Title draws,
" Self-preſervation," firſt of Nature's Laws.
In Temp'rals Right and Wrong by Turns prevail,
As outward Circumſtances guide the Scale;
Man's Judgment works by ſuperficial View,
What Indigence alledges may be true,
Wealth does a Sanction claim to be believ'd;
Thus Men poſt on, deceiving and deceiv'd,
'Till other Worlds ſhall on their Eye-lids beam,
Th' important Errors of Life's idle Dream,
And to aſtoniſh'd Mortal's View diſplay,
The Wonders of the Reſurrection Day;
Sever'd from Falſhood, radiant Truth ſhall here,
As the meridian ſpotleſs Sun appear,
Where injur'd Innocence, ſerenely bright,
With Boldneſs ſtands, nor fears th'Oppreſſor's Sight*,

* " Then ſhall the Righteous ſtand with great Boldneſs in the Sight of him that oppreſſed him."

Whoſe proſp'rous Bark did once triumphant ride,
With Streamers ſpread, on Time's auſpicious Tide,
Now Ship-wreck'd, deſtitute, forlorn, and poor,
Caſt friendleſs on the everlaſting Shore;
Captivity and Loſs keen Pangs impart,
To pierce his Soul, and harrow up his Heart,
Whilſt he beholds reſplendent Wreaths entwine
Thoſe Brows ("whoſe Righteouſneſs as Noon-day ſhine")
Late patient bearing Perſecution's Rod,
Now anchor'd ſafe near their approving God.
How gladly wou'd the rich Man change his State,
With the once abject Beggar at his Gate*,
Who long unheeded cry'd, unpity'd lay,
Whilſt he fared ſumptuouſly each paſſing Day;

* St. Luke, Chap. xvi. Verſes 19, 20, and 21.—"There was a certain rich Man, who was clothed in Purple and fine Linen, and fared ſumptuouſly every Day. And there was a certain Beggar, named Lazarus, who was laid at his Gate full of Sores: And deſiring to be fed with the Crumbs which fell from the rich Man's Table; moreover, the Dogs came and licked his Sores, &c."

Raiment

Raiment ſuperb his Body did adorn,
Splendidly varying ev'ry riſing Morn;
At large he rang'd thro' Pleaſure's wide Domain,
And tranſient Honours glitter'd in his Train;
Surrounding Slaves attended, at his Nod,
To miniſter to this terreſtrial God,
Within whoſe Boſom Pity ſought a Seat,
But there cou'd find no Manſion or Retreat;
Benevolence with Virtue next addreſs'd,
But was forbid an Entrance to his Breaſt;
Againſt their Reign his haughty Soul rebell'd,
And thence the mild Triumvirate expell'd;
Deaf to Diſtreſs, with Arrogance and Pride,
He all Relief to Nature's Wants deny'd;
When Cruelty did his hard Heart impel,
T' refuſe the Crumbs that from his Table fell,
Which the poor ſtarving Suff'rer wiſh'd t' obtain,
And humbly ſu'd for, but he ſu'd in vain,
Yet patient bore (when Dogs came round his Sores)
His humble Lot, nor grudg'd the Glutton's Stores:

Now bleſt Reverſe! what cluſt'ring Joys combine,
Permanent, perfect, tranquil, pure, divine,
To glad the Soul of each accepted Gueſt,
Each meet partaker of the heav'nly Feaſt;
Which Time's imperious Tyrants ſhall ſurvey
With Horror in the Retribution Day,
And antedate, by Flames of Terror ſtung,
Water deny'd to cool the parching Tongue,
With this Reply, "when thy rich Streams did flow*,
"To other's Woes thou didſt not Pity ſhow,
"Therefore 'tis thine in Torment to remain,
"And his to reap th' Reward of all his Pain."
Thence wiſh t'avoid the Judge, whoſe Eye doth ſcan
Whate'er was Mortal, and whate'er was Man;
The Quick and Dead thro' Earth, from End to End,
Who gather'd by his Angels, here attend;
Whatever was their Function, Title, Name,
To endleſs Glory, or to endleſs Shame;

* St. Luke, Chap. xvi. Verſe 25. — "But Abraham ſaid, Son, remember that thou in thy Life-time receiveds thy good Things, and Lazarus evil things: But now he is comforted, and thou art to rmented."

The

The Great, the Small, the Coward, and the Brave,
The ſcepter'd Sultan, and the fetter'd Slave,
Diſtinction paſt, will here unmindful ſtand,
Which exercis'd Obedience, which Command;
In what did either glory or complain,
When this forgoes his Crown, that quits his Chain?
Contending Nations cited to the Bar,
In all the horrid Rage of cruel War,
No more the Implements of Slaughter wield,
Nor ſeek the tranſient Honours of the Field;
Falſe, for true Fame, no longer's underſtood,
Quench'd is the raging Thirſt for hoſtile Blood:
A gen'ral Change all Nature doth ſuſtain,
No Pleaſure ſprings but from mild Mercy's Reign,
True Peace reſides with Purity alone,
And perfect Happineſs is Virtue's own;
Purſuit of earthly Pleaſures, Love of Eaſe,
Riotous Nights, and vain luxurious Days,
Pow'r miſapply'd, and precious Hours miſpent,
If Thought recalls, 'tis only to torment.

When

When Adam's Iſſue here divided ſtand *,
Ready for Sentence, rang'd on either Hand
The righteous Judge, he'll firſt unto the Right
Incline, infuſing unconceiv'd Delight,
" Faithful and Good, no more ſhall Ills annoy
" You, freely enter to your Maſter's Joy †."
Here the glad feelings of the meaneſt Saint,
Exceed what Thought can gueſs, or Language paint,
All Efforts to illuſtrate them muſt fail,
And raptur'd Wonder draws a glorious Veil.
Then to the Left he'll in juſt Anger turn,
Who on their Sin-pierc'd God will look and mourn,
When they behold, in the deciſive Hour,
How bright his Glory, and how great his Pow'r;

* St. Matthew, Chap. xxv. Verſes 32 and 33.—" And before him ſhall be gathered together all Nations; and he ſhall ſeparate them one from another, as a Shepherd divideth his Sheep from the Goats: And he ſhall ſet the Sheep on his Right-hand, but the Goats on the Left."

† St. Matthew, Chap. xxv. Verſe 21.—" Well done thou good and faithful Servant, enter thou into the Joy of thy Lord."

No

No Balſam's near to eaſe the raging Smart,
Inflicted by the dreadful Sound, *depart!*
I know thee not, conſign'd to Depths of Hell,
In Chains of Darkneſs, never-ending, dwell*!
Then tho' they rail againſt the Heav'ns, the Earth,
Abhor their Being, curſe their Hour of Birth;
Yet from each Heart ſhall this Confeſſion ſpring,
"Juſt are thy Judgments, O tranſcendent King!"
This Proceſs done, ſep'rate the Crowd retire†
To Courts of Bliſs, and Lakes of endleſs Fire:
More brilliant Suns ſhall light the new-ſpread Skies,
New Heav'n's appear, and a new Earth ariſe‡.
What Token ſhall precede, what Sign declare,
This awful, this momentous Period near?

* St. Matthew, Chap. xxv. Verſe 41.—"Then ſhall he ſay unto them on the Left-hand, depart from me, ye Curſed, into everlaſting Fire, &c."

† St. Matthew, Chap. xxv. Verſe 46.—"And theſe ſhall go away into everlaſting Puniſhment, but the Righteous into Life eternal."

‡ Revelations, Chap. xxi. Verſe 1.—"And I ſaw a new Heaven and a new Earth, &c."

By

By what Device its dread Approach be learn'd,
In which all Nature is ſo much concern'd?
That Day (yet hid from the co-equal Son *)
We're told by thoſe Events will be forerun:
State Diff'rences ſhall give great Sorrows Birth,
And dire Convulſions rend the ſpacious Earth;
Nation 'gainſt Nation riſe, fell War's Alarms
To Battle rouſe, and clothe the World in Arms †;
Contentions ſtrike the Calls of Nature mute,
Houſeholds divide, & Friends with Friends diſpute;
Peace routed fly, the raging Sword deface
Widow and Orphan 'mongſt the human Race;
Yet whilſt each Day encreaſing Mis'ries ſhow,
Big with new Terrors, and freſh Scenes of Woe,
Earthquakes and Famine, Peſtilence and Storm ‡
Sent to awaken, ſhall in vain perform

* St. Mark, Chap. xiii. Verſe 32.—"But of that Day and that Hour knoweth no Man; no, not the Angels which are in Heaven, neither the Son, but the Father."

† St. Mark, Chap. xiii. Verſe 8.—"For Nation ſhall riſe againſt Nation, and Kingdom againſt Kingdom."

‡ "And there ſhall be Earthquakes in divers Places, and there ſhall be Famines and Troubles."

Their

Their Offices with thoſe who Conſcience lull,
And Sin ſecure 'till Guilt's wide Meaſure's full.
Something ſure like this Prelude is begun,
Brother with Brother ſtrives, the Sire with Son * ;
Deſtructions threat, and (by divine Command)
Invade each Corner of this guilty Land,
Home Factions gen'ral Harmony o'erwhelm,
Inteſtine Broils depopulate the Realm ;
Full in our Sight our daring Foes infeſt,
Driving Repoſe from the affrighted Breaſt ;
The Hero's Proweſs every-where ſurrounds,
Who deals in Slaughter, Maſſacre, and Wounds,
Thro' Lanes of Death, Ambitions Palm t' explore,
He wades Knee-deep in Streams of human Gore ;
All mutual Truſt and Confidence are fled,
Vindictive Banners o'er the Earth are ſpread ;
E'en kindred Countries, in ſmall Points withſtood,
Drain with Impunity each other's Blood :

* St. Mark, Chap. xiii. Verſe 12.—" Now the Brother ſhall betray the Brother to Death, and the Father the Son, &c."

Without Remorſe (too oft') keen Arrows ſend
Into the Boſom of ſome once-lov'd Friend;
Subduing Nature's Plea, the raſhly Brave
Puts out that Life the ſelf-ſame Mother gave;
Thus turning on themſelves, their Arms employ
Where each ſhou'd aid, to ruin and deſtroy;
Exhauſting Strength and Wealth, that Force forego
Both ſhou'd retain to ſcourge the mutual Foe,
Who Works by treacherous Means t' obtain their Ends,
Deceive, and then deſtroy their new-leagu'd Friends,
To conquer Albion, lord it o'er the Waves,
Then drop the Maſk, and ſtamp them Gallia's Slaves.
E'en now, with haughty Port and naval Pride *,
Numerous, and dauntleſs, they triumphant ride,
Still hovering round our Coaſts, their deep deſign
The moſt Diſcerning's puzzled to divine:

* This Part of the Poem was written in 1779, about the Time when the combined Fleets appeared off Falmouth, which gave ſo much Terror to the Inhabitants of that and the adjacent Places.

But

But the loud Cannon on the ſmoaking Main
Will ſoon, 'tis thought, their Embaſſy explain,
Bloodſhed with Horror mark the flying Ball,
And the poor Remnant wretched Captives fall!
Shou'd they o'ercome (how dreadful 'tis to think
On the dire Precipice of Ruin's Brink!)
Our Homes they'll then enjoy, our Labour's Fruit,
And pluck up pure Religion by its Root;
Spread Devaſtation, pull Diſtinctions down,
And ravage from the Cottage to the Crown.
This Criſis nearly view'd muſt ſure impart,
A Spark of Terror to the ſtouteſt Heart;
Whence, to preſerve that Freedom Nature gave,
Old Age turns active, and the Coward brave;
Reſiſtance animates, our Country's Need
Calls to the Field, where countleſs Numbers bleed,
Whoſe Offspring deſtitute (to Sorrows born),
A thankleſs People may behold with Scorn,
Nor one ſoft Look in gentle Pity ſpare,
To ſooth their Griefs, to mitigate their Care;

No help afford, nor kind Aſſiſtance lend,
Diſtreſs being loneſome, and can claim no Friend;
Howe'er procur'd, baſe is an abject State,
'Tis criminal to be unfortunate:
Unleſs with thoſe to whom is largely given
Good-will to Man, and Prevalence with Heaven,
Whoſe Interceſſions do its wrath aſſuage,
And keep up Vengeance from this erring Age *,
While threat'ning Dangers every-where ſurround,
Yet ſhameful Vice and Infamy abound;
Not truſting in the Strength of Sword nor Spear,
Turn humbly to the Lord in fervent prayer;
For Aid upon the God of Battles call,
Without whom e'en a Sparrow ſhall not fall †.
Whilſt Others join to ſtigmatize the Times,
Thoſe ſtrive to ſtem the Torrent of its Crimes,

* Exodus, Chap. xx. Verſe 6.—"And ſhewing Mercy unto Thouſands in them that love me, and keep my Commandments."

† St. Matthew, Chap. x. Verſe 29.—"Are not two Sparrows ſold for a Farthing? And one of them ſhall not fall to the Ground without your Father."

Which

Which clad in various Shapes, bare-fac'd appear,
To wound the Eye, and ſhock the virtuous Ear;
Bold Blaſphemy, Pride, Luxury, debaſe,
And taint the Morals of the human Race;
Alike old Age, Manhood, and blooming Youth,
With horrid Imprecations bind the Truth;
As if plain Words the Hearers wou'd deceive,
And without Oaths Mankind could not believe.
Down in foul Currents this Contagion runs,
From impious Fathers to their infant Sons,
Too many helpleſs Babes (this Age doth ſhow),
Who can blaſpheme e'er ſay the Cris-Croſs Row,
Whilſt thoughtleſs Parents, of ſuch Promptneſs vain,
Well-pleas'd the liſp'd Impiety explain,
Applaud the prattling Wit, and (ſmiling) ſay,
"He knows no Ill, and is too young to pray."
What purblind Folly can with this compare?
Too young to pray, yet old enough to ſwear;
In thoſe miſtaken Thoughts what Danger lies,
From early Negligence what Miſchiefs riſe!

Familiar

Familiar Vice doth powerful Ills impart,
Which clouds each Seed of Virtue in the Heart,
Whilſt growing Time but more confirms the Tongue
With Lying varniſh'd, and with Curſes hung.
Who ſins uncheck'd, e'er ſenſible of Crimes,
Weaves a large Web of Woe for After-Times;
Ill Habits cheriſh'd in Life's tender Spring,
At Puberty's Advance more nearly cling;
And Nonage thus, in Chriſtian Ign'rance run,
To Manhood ſtarts, corrupted and undone:
Then Fear and Shame ſubdu'd, Remorſe withſtood,
At Paſſion's Call he'd drink a Brother's Blood,
And, when fierce Anger does the Mind inflame,
Curſe e'en thoſe Parents whence his being came,
Who now, too late (in mutual Conſort) mourn
Their ill-tim'd Fondneſs, and its baſe Return;
Look back with Horror on the fatal Morn,
And heavy Hour when ſuch a Wretch was born;
Their woe-fill'd Souls do every Comfort wave,
Whilſt Sorrow draws them to the ſilent Grave.

Children

Children are ſure by Heav'n in Mercy meant,
To fill the human Breaſt with ſweet Content,
Heighten the Joys of Life, its Cares aſſuage,
Lighten its pond'rous Load, and comfort Age,
Being pronounc'd in the divine Record *,
An Heritage preſented from the Lord;
A precious Treaſure ſent from Sion down,
To crown with Honour, Peace, and fair Renown:
When early nurtur'd in the Way of Truth,
And Piety's impreſt in budding Youth †;
From well-tun'd Lips what grateful Incenſe ſpring,
To hail the Ears of Sion's gracious King,
Whoſe ready Anſwer, from his Azure Height,
Glides to the Soul in Rays of heav'nly Light,
Where ripening Graces with new Fragrance bloom,
Expanding wide, and ſhed a rich Perfume.

* Pſalm cxvii. Verſe 4. 6.—" Lo, Children and the Fruit of the Womb are an Heritage and Gift that cometh of the Lord; happy is the Man that hath his Quiver full of them, &c."

† " Train up a Child in the Way that he ſhall go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Delightful

Delightful Taſk t' ingraft Religion's Root,
And " teach the young Ideas how to ſhoot ;"
By timely Admonitions to prepare
The Mind for Heaven, with peculiar Care!
That no Capacity may claim Excuſe,
For this neglected, to the Soul's Abuſe,
Suited thereto we various Morals find,
Form'd to enlarge and animate the Mind ;
Genuine Inſtructions, from th' unerring Pen
Of prudent, wiſe, and truly pious Men,
To quicken Conſcience, Vice's Reign repel,
Check the wild Paſſions when they wou'd rebel ;
Reſtrain the Sallies of unguarded Youth,
Inſtill mild Pity, Charity, and Truth ;
Correct the Will, and happily inveſt
Enlighten'd Reaſon in the opening Breaſt ;
Thro' eaſy Precepts lead, betimes inſpire
With Grace, and Virtue's noble Ardour fire,
Where dwells Amuſement with Perſuaſion join'd,
They gently ſteal upon the tender Mind,

Excite

Excite to Good, ſenſual Enticements lull,
Nor Cramp the Genius, nor the Spirits dull,
But oft' enforc'd, procure the Heart to prove
Below a Type of Seraphs' Bliſs above,
And form the Infant on the ſureſt Plan,
To grow in Favour both with God and Man.
When thus we make our Children's Souls our Care,
And fix the Rudiments of Learning there,
By Precept and Example both combine
T' inſtruct, we're aided by the Hand divine;
No Pain attends the laudable Employ,
But tranquil Pleaſure and a temp'rate Joy,
Which greater Treaſures to the Heart unfold
Than Banks of Silver, or the pureſt Gold *;
And more reſplendent, laſting Honour brings
Than India's Wealth, or Crowns of earthly Kings.
Surely thoſe are ſuperlatively bleſt
Who leave their Children Virtue's mild Bequeſt,

* St. Luke, Chap. ix. Verſe 25.—" For what is a Man advantaged if he gain the whole World, and loſe himſelf, or be caſt away?

(Their Names ſhall be rever'd from Age to Age,
And bloſſom down to Time's remoteſt Stage.)
Thus aiding pure Religion to revive,
And thro' ſucceeding Generations thrive *,
Which may, by Faith and Piety ſincere,
Avert the Judgments we now feel or fear,
The gracious Ear of righteous Heav'n diſpoſe
To heal our Sins, and ſave us from our Foes;
Their Force united cauſe us to withſtand,
And ſhield by ſov'reign Pow'r this favour'd Land
From cruel Bondage, Tyranny, and Rome,
And, *'till prepar'd*, defer our Day of Doom;
Bid Harmony and Peace again to ſpring,
Unite the People, and reward our King,
Whoſe gracious Meaning ev'ry Action ſhows,
The gen'ral Good, and true Religion's Cauſe,
Which freely, under his auſpicious Smile,
Reigns unmoleſted in the Britiſh Iſle,

* Pſalm ciii. Verſe 17.—"But the merciful Goodneſs of the Lord endureth for ever and ever upon them that fear him: and his Righteouſneſs upon Children's Children."

Invites

Invites each Heart to join the Chriſtian Band,
In mild Obedience to high Heav'n's Command:
Nor need e'en Pride the humble Work diſown,
Whilſt the bright Pattern ſparkles from the Throne,
Whence ev'ry Day unfeign'd Petitions riſe
To that great Pow'r who rules the lucid Skies,
And does in Mercy guilty Thouſands ſpare,
Thro' the warm Virtues of the Royal Pair.
Their Iſſue, taught Humility and Grace,
Bids fair to dignify the human Race,
And to our View a long Succeſſion brings,
T' ſupply this Monarchy with Chriſtian Kings,
Whoſe Boſoms glow with Sentiments refin'd,
Such as informs great George's royal Mind;
Where Piety hath fix'd her placid Seat,
Being truly Good, and *therefore* truly Great:
His ſympathetic Breaſt our Woes does feel,
Thence (ever anxious for his Subjects' Weal)
Deſiring Peace, with Honour, to return,
And glad thoſe Hearts which now in Sorrow mourn,

He wou'd the bloody Controverſy end,
Nor longer with America contend,
(To ſuch unnat'ral War a Truce afford,
And to a Plough-ſhear turn the reeking Sword)
If this much-wiſh'd Event cou'd be obtain'd,
Without his Rule being ſcorn'd, or Glory ſtain'd.
Long may that bright untainted Wreath be his,
With the calm Tranſports of domeſtic Bliſs,
Which does with ſoft Delights the Heart dilate,
To recompenſe the weighty Cares of State;
And when in Peace, long hence, he yields his Breath,
(Leaning ſubmiſſive to the Stroke of Death)
May his Progreſſive ſtill our Sons Command,
They chearfully obey with ready Hand,
Nor know Diſpute, Contention, or Debate,
But who ſhall be moſt faithful to the State;
Nor Albion e'er, to Time's laſt Period down,
A Brunſwick want to wear Britannia's Crown.
By ſuch a bright Example now inſpir'd,
And with a glorious Emulation fir'd,

Wou'd

Wou'd but the People with the Prince combine
To deprecate the Flame of Wrath divine,
Each future Act by Virtue's Dictates ſquare,
And frame our Lives to one inceſſant Pray'r*,
By Uniſon of Heart conjointly prove
That Peace reſulting from fraternal Love,
Then all Diſtruſt, all home-bred Faction's fled,
Commerce again ſhall raiſe her drooping Head;
Diſtreſs and Famine, with their rueful Train,
Be ſtraightway exil'd England's fair Domain;
Whilſt we receive from ſov'reign Mercy's Hand,
Such plenteous Streams as flow thro' Goſhen's Land,
New Bleſſings taſte as Days and Years increaſe,
Our Children's Children ſee, and Iſrael's Peace†;
At reſt with Man, and reconcil'd to God,
By gentle Steps deſcend to Death's Abode.
And whether in this Plot, or yonder Iſle
We lye, or reſt beneath ſome diſtant Pile,

* Pray without ceaſing.

† Pſalm cxxviii. Verſe 7.—"Yea, thou ſhalt ſee thy Children's Children, and Peace upon Iſrael."

It matters not—our Duſt refind ſhall riſe,
And unpolluted reach the ſmiling Skies;
Our bliſsful Friends with holy Raptures meet,
And bathe in living Streams at Jeſus' Feet;
Where mutual Tranſports will our Pow'rs employ
Thro' endleſs Ages of unfading Joy.

AN

AN

ELOGY

ON THE LATE

Rev. Mr. SAMUEL WALKER,

Who was many Years CURATE of *Truro*.

WALKER! what Virtue e'er ſhone bright as thine?
Precept on Precept, thou, and Line on Line,
Didſt urge with Fervour, the pure Word apply'd,
Taught'ſt Jeſus only, Jeſus crucify'd!
No Time, nor Pains in lab'ring didſt thou ſpare,
Thy Soul and Flock thou mad'ſt thine only Care:
Faith's foremoſt Champion! who its Battles fought;
Not Man's Applauſe, but Heav'n's Acceptance ſought.

Heroic

Heroic Chriſtian! to each Soul ſincere,
Kind to Diſtreſs, but unto Sin ſevere,
Whereto, unaw'd, thou wou'dſt Conviction bring,
Tho' center'd in the Boſom of a King.
Were Earth's firſt Potentate to lay thee down,
His ruling ſceptre and reſplendent Crown,
Thy ſteady Virtue wou'd abhor the Thought
To gloſs his Crimes, or ſooth him in a Fault;
Proof 'gainſt Temptation all thy Powers did riſe,
To pleaſe th' all-glorious Former of the Skies;
The Peace of him alone (not Joys of Senſe)
Thou ſought'ſt, nor Martyrdom cou'd tear thee thence;
Unmoveable in Faith ſtill firmly ſtood,
Waſh'd in pure Streams of the Redeemer's Blood;
Didſt Perſecution's Iron Rod beguile
And baffle Rancour with an holy Smile,
Which crown'd thy manly Form, whilſt with ſoft Grace
Religion broke round thy benignant Face.

Tutor'd

Tutor'd from Heav'n, to God and Nature true,
Thy Lectures held Man's Mirror up to View;
From thoſe Diſcourſes flew the pointed Dart,
Which reach'd the inmoſt Corners of the Heart,
So fram'd, ſo model'd, to the human Plan,
Each Hearer, in himſelf, diſcern'd the Man:
Portray'd, the unrenew'd beheld his Faults,
And wonder'd how thou could'ſt deſcribe his
Thoughts,
Whilſt with unwearied Vigilance and Pain,
Thou ſtrov'dſt to free him from Sin's galling Chain.
When on that long-paſt memorable Day *,
Thou bad'ſt the conſcious Mind herſelf ſurvey;
Thine Arguments did with ſuch Luſtre ſhine,
(Subſtantial, inconteſtible, divine),
That Conſcience rous'd, alike in old and young,
Echo'd thoſe Strains on which Conviction hung;

* The Day of Humiliation on Account of the great Earthquake at Liſbon, whereon Mr. Walker very pathetically diſcourſed on thoſe Words:—"Turn ye! turn ye! For why will you die, O Houſe of Iſrael."

And Souls recoil'd beneath th' alarming ſound,
As if another Earthquake ſhook the Ground:
Whilſt from the Pulpit thou, with heaving Sighs,
Inviting Attitude, and ſtreaming Eyes,
Cry'dſt, " hark, my People, to the Voice of God!
Behold his Judgments in the Earth abroad;
Repent ye now your Sins, in Sackcloth mourn,
O turn ye, turn ye, Houſe of Iſrael turn!
Or let me by a Term more dear apply,
People of Truro turn! why will you die?
For your Salvation what wou'd not be giv'n,
Or ſuffer'd? ſhort of Baniſhment from Heav'n
By me, that one Reſerve alone I'd make,
And to effect it ſet my Life at ſtake:
Let not the World and Senſe your Minds enthral,
For your Soul's Sake hear your Redeemer's Call
Thro' me, who'll labour with my lateſt Breath
To warn my People from eternal Death."
Thoſe pow'rful Accents, perſevering Saint,
Deſcription merely human cannot paint,

Nor

Nor repreſent that holy glowing Flame
Which animated all thy vital Frame,
When Heav'n (for righteous Ends) did thee impel,
In perfect Health, to take a long Farewell
Of thoſe whoſe Souls thou'dſt prun'd with pious Care,
And for them lifted up the fervent Pray'r.
How ſtrenuous on that prophetic Morn *
Didſt thou entreat, exhort, convict, and warn;
What heav'nly Paſſions did thy Boſom move?
How great thy Labour, and how ſtrong thy Love?

* The Day preceding that in which Mr. Walker was taken with that fatal Illneſs which terminated in Death, he preached a moſt aweful and awakening Sermon, wherein (though then in perfect Health) this inſpired Divine addreſſed his People as if he was on his Death-Bed, recounted many Particulars of his paſt Life, and dwelt very ſtrongly on that Part of it wherein he had officiated (under God) as the Shepherd of their Souls. This valuable Diſcourſe, amongſt others of Mr. Walker's, is now extant, and contains many Expreſſions, of which, a faint Deſcription is here attempted, the Imperfections whereof, it is hoped, will be excuſed by the candid Public, as the Editor was very young when theſe Sermons were preached, and writes only from bare Memory, having never read nor heard them ſince the Demiſe of that faithful Servant of Chriſt, which is now about twenty Years.

In Sounds, which Seraphs might applauding hear,
Thou pour'dſt Conviction in the Sinner's Ear;
From Heav'n's bright Quiver drew thy choſen Dart,
And pierc'd with keen Remorſe th' obdurate Heart,
Which throb'd with poignant Terror at the Stroke,
And almoſt wou'd embrace the Chriſtian Yoke,
But Pleaſure pleads, he'd fain the Conflict fly,
Yet ſunk beneath thy penetrating Eye,
Which Sin did to its inmoſt Den purſue,
And brought forth Death and Judgment unto view.
Methinks thoſe Words ſtill vibrate on my Ear,
" If I'm acquitted, where will you appear?
In the laſt Day, when the juſt Judge demands
Your precious Souls out of your Shepherd's Hands,
The Queſtion thus, thus muſt the Anſwer run,
What haſt thou? Lord, thou know'ſt what I have done.
My Friends, repent, reform without Delay,
This is the Time! 'tis your Salvation Day!

Embrace

Embrace it now! leſt you in Sorrow mourn
This gracious Seaſon, which will ne'er return;
Perhaps no more we hear may meet again,
You to attend and my weak Tongue to explain,
E'er the next Sabbath's Morning Sun ſhall riſe,
You, you, or I, in Death may cloſe our Eyes;
If I'm the Man, if my frail Glaſs be run,
I now ſubmit, thy Will, O Lord, be done.
In thee ſecure, whenever thou doſt Call,
Paſſive, at thy Command, I yield my Soul;
But ſnatch my People from Deſtruction's Brink!
Forgive their Follies, at their Ign'rance wink;
Defend from Ruin by thy mighty Pow'r
Their Souls, and guide them to the heav'nly Shore.
Brethren, farewell! (if thus the Fiat ſtands),
Here from your Blood I clear my guiltleſs Hands;
Yet be entreated your ownſelves to ſave,
O! hear my Cries juſt ſinking to the Grave,
In Life's full Tide beware the Rocks and Shoals,
Maſſacre not your never-dying Souls;

Recall

Recall to Mind th' Entreaties, Prayers, and Tears,
With which I've ſtrove thro' a long Train of Years,
T' perſuade the Senſualiſt t' his Sins forſake,
And rouſe the ſtupid Sluggard to awake;
In watchful Care endur'd unto the End,
And with yourſelves did for yourſelves contend.
If you've forgot th' omniſcient Pow'r on high
Hath mark'd them all, and you'll be judg'd thereby,
In that great Hour, when I muſt Witneſs bear
Againſt thoſe Souls whom now I love ſo dear,
Wou'd wiſh to ſhield from everlaſting Harms,
And fly to Canaan with you in my Arms."
Thus (with an Angel's Eloquence and Force)
Ran this pathetic Paſtor's laſt Diſcourſe
Unto that Flock, for whoſe eternal Health
He'd ſacrific'd Advancement, Eaſe, and Wealth,
And who (as need requir'd) did freely ſhare
His Purſe, his Aid, his Council, and his Care;
His Breaſt glow'd with no ſecondary Fires,
No carnal Views, nor covetous Deſires,

But

But for th' exceeding great unſeen Reward,
Still labour'd in the Vineyard of his Lord;
Daily he did the holy Toil renew,
And conſtantly his Maſter's Work purſue;
Planted and water'd with the Hand of Love,
Yet humbly begg'd the Increaſe from above;
Year after Year to intercede the Sound,
"Quick cut it down, why cumb'reth it the Ground?"
This, of his People's Souls the Boſom Friend,
Still cry'd, "Great God! again thy Wrath ſuſpend,
Lay not the Axe too haſty to the Root,
And in due Seaſon it may bring forth Fruit;
Add one more to the Number of its Years*,
Thy Servant will refreſh it with his Tears,
And whilſt theſe do as copious Rivers flow,
Dig round and dreſs it with thy Goſpel Law."
Thus was this Chriſtian's Heart alone inclin'd,
To proſelyte to Heav'n, and ſave Mankind:

* "Lord, let it alone this Year alſo, &c." — A Text Mr. Walker frequently made Uſe of on the firſt Day of the new Year.

Life's

Life's Pleaſures he declin'd, its Pomp forſook,
To fill th' important Office which he took;
A Guardian faithful, exemplary juſt
Unto thoſe Souls committed to his Truſt;
Unaw'd by Titles, Pow'r, Eſtate, or Birth,
He chid the mighty Rebel Sons of Earth;
" Ye potent Worms! whoſe Corn & Wine's Increaſe,
Immerge your Souls in a fallacious Peace,
Whereto you ſay, perplex thyſelf no more,
For many Years here's Goods laid up in Store;
Then take thy Range in Life's gay Round untir'd:
Thou Fool! this Night thy Soul ſhall be requir'd;
Death ſhall divide between thy Wealth and thee!
Then whoſe will all thine hoarded Treaſures be?
Rouſe ye to the great Work without Delay,
Complete your Taſk whilſt it be call'd To-day,
For Night ere long ſhall ſpread her dark Domain,
And all your Efforts then will be in vain.
Iniquity with contrite Hearts deplore,
Break off your Sins by Mercies to the Poor;

Lay

Lay up your Treaſure where's Reward for Toil,
Where Thieves can't plunder, nor Corruption ſpoil."
Thus (as there's no Repentance in the Tomb)
Avert Heav'n's Vengeance and the Wrath to come.
You that in Wiſdom, Youth, or Strength confide,
And ſet your own Mortality aſide,
'Till a long Seaſon hence, which now appears
Plac'd in the Rear of many circling Years,
Thinking to you (amongſt the Sons of Men)
The Number aſcertain'd, *Three Score and Ten*;
Wherein you may all Sciences explore,
Or for your future Heirs heap Store on Store,
Partake Life's Pleaſures at the Fountain Head,
And leave Repentance to a dying Bed.
Deluded Mortal! Soul ſecure ariſe!
And unto yonder Plot direct your Eyes;
There croud the Graves of thoſe whom late you knew
To be as wiſe, as young, as ſtrong as you,
Theſe quickly ſummon'd to their final Home,
Aloud proclaim your Kindred to the Tomb.

Ye poor young Creatures, thoughtleſs, vain, and gay,
Who widely in the Paths of Error ſtray,
To thoſe important Truths awhile attend,
On which your everlaſting States depend ;
In Prime of Youth my much-lov'd Children hear,
The earneſt pleadings of a Soul ſincere,
Which for the Follies of your blooming Years
Diſſolves in Pity, and o'erflows with Tears :
In filial Rev'rence, Pray'r, and grateful Praiſe,
Serve your Creator in your early Days,
Then Death for you no poignant Sting ſhall find,
Nor youthful Crime lie heavy on the Mind.
Soon will the Years draw nigh and Days come on,
When you ſhall ſay Life's tranſient Joys are gone.
Ye tender Plants, regard my earneſt Pray'r,
Conſider what Heav'n's Oracles declare !
" Young Man rejoice, and let thy Heart thee chear,
In Youth's gay Hours bend not to Thought nor Fear:
Yet for theſe Things know thine Almighty King,
Will thee arraign and into Judgment bring."

Ye Worldly Wiſe! who proſtitute your Breath
T' obtain thoſe Honours incident to Death,
Tho' you with Tongues of Men and Angels ſpeak,
Tho' Elders liſten when you Silence break,
Your Eloquence capacious Volumes ſwell,
Myſt'ries unravel and Events foretel,
Yet, void of heav'nly Wiſdom, thoſe ſhall paſs
As tinkling Cymbals, or as ſounding Braſs.
Be wiſe indeed, nor build with Pains your Fame,
Where while ſome Men approve, ſome others blame,
And raiſe your Fabrick on a nobler Plan
Than the Opinion of capricius Man.
For ſhould bright Wit and ſterling Senſe unite
The undivided Plaudit to excite,
Know ye, thoſe Parts which worldly Men applaud,
Is Folly in the perfect Sight of God;
Who does the ſelf-ſufficient Mind deſert,
And for his Manſion chuſe the humble Heart;
This Reſidence being, in his holy Eyes,
Second to none, and Rival to the Skies *;

* Young's Night Thoughts.

Ye Strong and Healthful, Heirs to Beds of Duſt,
Who in your Nerves and Sinews put your Truſt,
Learn hence (that tho' you unimpair'd remain
From inward Anguiſh or exterior Pain)
Th' Almighty Power who out of Chaos brought,
Can in an Inſtant ſink thee into nought.
No longer then Omnipotence withſtand,
Obnoxious Creature of his forming Hand!
Who knows the Number of the Stars of Heav'n,
And calls them by the Names himſelf has giv'n;
He rules the Winds, the ſwelling Floods commands,
And holds them in the Hollow of his Hands.
At his Direction rapid Light'ning flies,
And Thunders rumble thro' th' vaulted Skies,
Earthquakes embogue, and Storm or Flame devour,
Sped by the Breadth of his vindictive Pow'r.
He actuates too thy Frame, governs thy Breath,
And but a Step hath plac'd 'twixt thee and Death *.

* "There is but a Step betwixt thee and Death.—The Text of an aweful Diſcourſe, delivered by Mr. Walker at the Funeral of a young Man, who was drowned bathing on a Sunday.

Thus

Thus did this Chriſtian Hero wage, thro' Life,
With Sin and Vice an unabating Strife,
The ſtrait Aſcent to Heav'n unvarying trod,
And ſtill went forth in the great Pow'r of God
To comfort the Oppreſs'd, th' Intrepid wound,
And ſhed the Waters of Salvation round.
His ſolid Reas'nings, wing'd with holy Zeal,
The dead in Treſpaſſes and Sins did feel;
He caus'd the Blind to gaze on open Day,
And chas'd the Clouds of Ignorance away.
Lepers he brought to cleanſe in Jeſu's Blood,
And Babes inſtructed in the Law of God.
In Public did the bold Offender call,
And in his Cloſet taught thee ſeeking Soul;
All thoſe athirſt for Righteouſneſs he took,
To quench their Drought in Jordan's limpid Brook;
The Hungry unto Paſtures fair he led,
Where they their famiſh'd Souls on Manna fed,
Which heav'nly Nature to the Spirit yields,
And ever ſprings in Canaan's fertile Fields;

Thither,

Thither, from baneful Dews and pinching Cold,
This faithful Herdſman drew his Sheep to Fold,
Guarded with Care, and watch'd them on the Way,
Leſt from the Path their erring Feet ſhould ſtray.
Diſtinguiſh'd Flock, with ſuch a Shepherd bleſt,
Sure Guide, ſafe Pilot, to eternal Reſt:
Thrice happy thoſe who made his Rules their Choice,
And chearfully obey'd his well known Voice,
Who will preſent them undefil'd to Heav'n,
Saying, "here I am, and theſe whom thou haſt giv'n."
The glorious King receives them to his Peace,
And bids his faithful Steward's Joys increaſe;
In ſwelling Tides of Bliſs which know no Bound,
Thro' vaſt Eternity's amazing Round,
Exquiſite, varying, to delight his Soul,
Who did the airy Prince's Pow'rs controul,
From their ſtrong Holds his rebel League expel,
Trampled on Sin, and triumph'd over Hell.

THE

THE LORD's PRAYER, PARAPHRASED.

REGENT of Heav'n! wherein thou art,
Father of all below;
From thee to every filial Heart
What plenteous Pleasures flow?
Let lowly Reverence possess,
And holy Zeal inflame
Our Hearts, when we draw nigh to bless
Thine ever-hallow'd Name:
Which be from henceforth ne'er profan'd,
Nor idly us'd in vain;
But to declare thy Glory great,
Thy mystic Love explain.

Who

Who hears our Prayers, Petitions grants,
Alleviates Nature's Strife;
Our Sorrows feels, knows all our Wants,
And holds our Souls in Life.
With Hell's ſtrong Legions ſtrait contend,
Reſcue the human Race;
To Earth's remoteſt Corners ſend
The Kingdom of thy Grace:
The Number of thy Saints complete,
Recall each Wanderer Home;
Satan and Sin ſubdue, and let
Thy glorious Kingdom come.
In Earth, as in the Realms on high,
Whilſt Days their Courſes run,
Let none againſt thy Will reply,
Thy Pleaſure Lord be done.
Whoſe Thoughts are not like thoſe of Men,
For in thy holy Sight
The Heav'ns appear unclean; ſure then,
What e'er thou will'ſt is right.

Our

Our daily Suſtenance provide
  This Day, Sin's Pow'r controul;
And let thy Peace within abide,
  To nouriſh every Soul.
Thoſe Crimes which drain'd a Saviour's Blood,
  And loud for Vengeance cry,
Forgive, for tho' they in Magnitude
  With ponderous Mountains vie;
As we towards our Brother move,
  Whoſe Breaſt with Rage does burn,
Striving to quench his Hate with Love,
  And Good for Ill return:
This, of ourſelves, we can't atchieve,
  But thro' thy Grace from hence
Reſtrains us, that we never give,
  Nor lightly take Offence.
From riſe Temptation's powerful Charm
  With-hold thy erring Sheep,
From Evil by thy mighty Arm,
  Our Souls and Bodies keep.

The Kingdom's thine, above, below,
Thine is the regal Seat,
And more than all e'en Seraphs know
Of potent, high, and great.
We'll greet each Morning with thy Praiſe,
At Night renew the ſame;
And everlaſting Trophies raiſe
To thine all glorious Name;
Whilſt Heav'n's applauding Saints combine
To mix with Mortals, when
They with united Voices join
The general *Amen.*

A

SOLILOQUY; or PARAPHRASE

ON THE

C R E E D.

I Am not doom'd to roam forlorn,
Or ſeek my Reſt abroad,
Being an Heir of Glory born *,
Whilſt I *believe in God*;
To whom I freely may repair
In each retir'd Diſtreſs,
Upon him caſt my every Care,
He'll all my Wants redreſs:
The Father, not of Chriſt alone
His uncreated Son,
Co-partner of th' eternal Throne
Before all Worlds begun:

* The New Birth, or Spiritual Re-generation.

But he to me did Breath convey,
And fabricate my Frame:
Out of wild Chaos brought my Clay,
And made me what I am.
Of Reaſon and each earthly Good,
Thro' him I am poſſes'd;
Hunger, in Dread, may leave her Food;
The Suckling at her Breaſt,
Forſake the unnat'ral Mother might;
But God's paternal Thought
Will ne'er forget, nor even ſlight,
The Work his Hands have wrought.
With Confidence his Pow'r Ill truſt
Beyond the gloomy Grave,
Who'll keep my Bones, preſerve my Duſt,
Almighty is to ſave:
Nothing's too hard for the Supreme,
Who gave Creation Birth;
The Pow'rs of Hell bow down to him,
Maker of Heaven and Earth.

None

None help'd (to lay this wond'rous Plan)
The Architect divine;
He form'd the Angels, call'd forth Man,
And caus'd the Sun to ſhine
By Day, at Eve bid Luna riſe
T' illumne from Pole to Pole;
Spread the Circumference of the Skies
And beautify'd the Whole.
In orient Clouds, of various Hue,
Array'd the Morning's Light;
With glitt'ring Stars on Æther blue,
Diverſify'd the Night.
The Earth, Beaſts, Fiſhes, once were nought,
The limpid Stream that flows,
He will'd, and quick as inſtant Thought,
All into Being 'roſe.
Inſtinct on Creatures of each Kind
His Goodneſs did beſtow,
To Man he gave a reaſoning Mind,
And made him Lord below;

Placing

Placing this Work, the moſt approv'd,
In Eden's Groves to dwell,
Lower than Angels, but belov'd
By him almoſt as well;
Such Power to Man he did convey,
Such abſolute Command,
That Bears and Wolves, thoſe Beaſts of Prey,
Crouch'd to their Maſter's Hand;
Each bore the Name he on it laid,
All own'd his Sovereign Pow'r,
And Angels conſtant Viſits paid
To Eden's bliſsful Bower.
Thus Man with heavenly Converſe bleſs'd,
(From Fear and Dangers free)
Stood, 'till he pluck'd the fatal Fruit
From the forbidden Tree.
Thence tainted with a Crime ſo foul,
He fell a prey to Care,
God's Image ſtarted from his Soul,
And left him naked there.

Yet Mercy even on that Day,
He broke the high Command,
Her healing Banners did diſplay,
And ſwift Redemption plan'd.
Offended Juſtice cou'd ſurvey
No Sacrifice but One,
In Jeſus Chriſt Remiſſion lay,
Who was *his only Son.*
What Pity then did him incline,
Who pour'd (for Sin t' atone)
A ſacred Stream of Blood divine,
And made the Godhead groan.
Th' amazing Sound, 'mongſt Angels high,
Thro' Heav'n's whole Concave ran,
That their eternal Prince wou'd die
T' expunge the Guilt of Man.
Thro' Bondage, Pilgrimage, and Thrall,
(Cloth'd in our Mortal Clay)
To every true believing Soul
Eternal Life convey.

Then can I doubt that perfect Love,
  Which laid by Glory's Crown,
Awhile forſook the Courts above,
  And brought Salvation down,
To Men his Kindneſs wont abate,
  Whilſt we our Off'rings bring,
To our prevailing Advocate,
  Prophet, High Prieſt, and King;
Who was conceived in the Womb,
  (Propitiation meet
For Sin) t' avert our rigid Doom,
  And Satan's Snares defeat.
He *by the Holy Ghoſt* was wrought,
  Born of the Virgin bright,
Pure *Mary*, free from Stain or Spot,
  In Heav'n's approving Sight.
Hence, Glory broke on human Kind,
  Its Nature to refine,
By this myſterious Act conjoin'd,
  And blended with Divine;

Form'd

Form'd of the tendereſt Texture ſure,
With Feelings nicely keen,
All human Woes he came t' endure,
Yet was exempt from Sin:
With Sorrows preſs'd, and free from Fault,
No Guile diſtain'd his Tongue,
His lab'ring Mind and conſtant Thought
On Man's Salvation hung;
He ſuffered, this to bring to paſs,
To be deſpis'd, contemn'd,
And, *under Pontius Pilate*, was
Convicted and condemn'd;
By cruel Men that Blood was ſought,
Which is our Fountain Head,
To Calv'ry's Mount our Lord was brought,
As Beaſts to Slaughter led;
To make his Ambaſſage complete,
There *He was crucified*,
Rough Nails pierc'd thro' his Hands and Feet,
A Spear his tortur'd Side!

Yet then, for thoſe who plann'd his Death,
Earneſt with Heav'n he ſtrove,
His Boſom to his lateſt Breath
O'erflow'd with pardoning Love;
Th' repentant Criminal he chears,
"Sinner this Day with me,
"Diſpel thy Doubts, diſmiſs thy Fears,
"In Glory thou ſhalt be!"
My Soul no other Hope ſhall know,
No other Help my need,
Than him from whom ſuch Acts did flow,
As prov'd him God indeed.
Thoſe Thorns which his mild Temples tore,
That excruciating Pain,
Thoſe rending Agonies he bore,
Nought Mortal could ſuſtain;
Yet no Revenge did he require,
But univerſal Love,
With ſoft Compaſſion did inſpire,
And wing'd his Prayer above:

Receiving

Receiving Vinegar and Gall
From the invet'rate Crew,
" 'Tis finiſh'd, Lord, forgive them all,
" They know not what they do !"
Tho' they reviled, ſcoff'd, and ſneer'd,
Nought the meek Lamb reply'd,
Till the fix'd Hour he perſever'd,
Then bow'd his Head and died.
Dead was the Lord of Life and Peace,
Who gives Heav'n's Sons their Birth,
Sudden the Courſe of Nature ceas'd,
Convulſions ſhook the Earth ;
Rent was the Temple's Veil on high,
Terror on Mortals hurl'd,
Tremendous Clouds of darkeſt Dye
Enwrap'd the tott'ring World !
Earth's inmoſt Bowels were diſclos'd,
The Graves expanded wide ;
The Bodies of the Saints aroſe,
Fear fell on every Side.

Smiting their Breaſts, th' aſtoniſh'd Crowd
In wild Confuſion ran,
And Jeſus Chriſt proclaim'd aloud
To be both God and Man!
O ſweet Reflection! ſoothing Sound!
The Lord gave up his Breath,
T' embalm the Manſions under Ground,
And gild the Vale of Death!
And buried was, Mankind to free
From dread Corruption's ſpell,
From which, to raiſe our Bodies, *He*
Deſcended into Hell.
That Pardon all the Sons of Men,
A ſecond Life might have,
On *the third Day he roſe again,*
And triumph'd o'er the Grave.
The meaneſt Member ſhall partake
This with their living Head,
Death's Fetters break, Earth's Womb forſake,
Triumphant *from the Dead,*

Return,

Return, t' receive the bright Reward,
  Which ſhall to each be giv'n,
Who all forſook, obey'd the Lord,
  And trod the Path to Heav'n:
When he aſcended, who ſuch Deeds
  Of Grace and Peace had wrought,
That Tranſport of Delight exceeds
  All reach of Human Thought,
Which by Saint, Angel, Cherubim,
  And Seraphim was ſhown,
To greet their great all-conquering King,
  Returning to his Throne;
Who, at his Chariot-Wheels, had led
  Captivity enſlav'd,
Terror and Shame o'er Belial ſpread,
  And helpleſs Mortals ſav'd
From Beelzebub's devouring Sway,
  Within whoſe dark Domains,
His Range he bound, confirm'd his Stay,
  And riveted his Chains.

Hence all who on his Name rely,
Shall, when Life's Struggles end,
Th' infernal Pow'rs combin'd defy,
And where he is aſcend.
He ſitteth now, in glorious State,
At the right Hand of God,
Having reſum'd his native Seat,
And primitive Abode;
The Veil wherein he hid below
His Majeſty, thrown by;
Forth from his Preſence Pleaſures flow,
Thro' all the Bliſs on high;
Where he ſuch Manſions does provide,
Such radiant Robes prepare,
For thoſe who in his Faith abide,
As dims all Human Glare:
Still with *the Father*, inſtant he
Does for us intercede,
Almighty Mercy ſets us free,
And we are freed indeed.

No Boon's too great to be deſir'd,
Too precious to be given,
Sought thro' ſo conſtant, kind, untir'd,
And pow'rful Friend in Heav'n.
Then Fears, Diſtruſt, and Doubting hence,
No more my Soul annoy;
For Jeſus is my Confidence,
Preſent and future Joy.
Strong-hold, which I'll not quit, but truſt
His Promiſe firm and ſure;
Then, when my Frame returns to Duſt,
He'll keep my Soul ſecure.
Our frail Complaints he deigns to hear,
'Midſt Sounds of Seraphs bright,
And ſtoops t' accept the fervent Prayer,
From Heav'n's tranſcendent Height.
From thence he ſhall come forth in State,
With flowing Garments red,
Whilſt glorious Angels round him wait,
To judge the Quick and Dead.

I ſhall

I ſhall behold him on the Throne,
To portion out my Lot,
Who did for all my Sins atone,
And waſh'd out ev'ry Spot.
Alone, exalted, in that Hour,
Will be the Saviour mild;
Who o'er my Crimes his Blood did pour,
And Juſtice reconcil'd.
Me, whom he ranſom'd, He'll receive,
Amongſt the Heav'nly Hoſt,
Becauſe, unwavering, *I believe*
Firm *in the Holy Ghoſt*;
The Lord, and Counſellor divine,
The Comforter, whereby,
Whilſt in our Souls his Preſence ſhine,
We, "Abba Father," cry.
Infuſion breath'd from Sion's Hill,
To guide our Steps aright,
Incline to Good, reſtrain from Ill,
And point to Realms of Light.

Celeſtial Inmate ſtill draw near,
  Preſide o'er all my Heart;
Govern each Secret Movement there,
  Nor e'er thy Charge deſert.
Kindled by thine enliv'ning Rays,
  Thy animating Fires;
The Embers of Devotion blaze,
  And ev'ry Thought aſpires.
Unleſs thy Fellowſhip divine,
  The Heart of Man ſhou'd taſte,
The Soul would droop, deſpond, and pine,
  A Deſert barren Waſte.
Wanting the Uniſon likewiſe,
  Imperfect e'en would be,
The Deity o'er Earth and Skies,
  The ſelf-exiſtent Three.
Source of thoſe high and ample Tow'rs,
  Structures which cannot fail;
And 'gainſt which all the daring Pow'rs
  Of Hell ſhall not prevail.

The Holy Catholic Church ſublime,
Planted by ſovereign Love,
To waft each Member ſafe thro' Time,
To join the Head above;
O'er which, the Sun of Righteouſneſs,
With pure reſplendent Light,
Riſes thoſe Errors to diſmiſs,
That cloud our mortal Sight;
Throughout which, to Earth's utmoſt Bounds,
The humble fervent Prayer
United, in one Concord ſounds,
And ſtrikes the Saviour's Ear;
Who all the humble Zeal and Love,
Prayers, praiſes, and Complaints,
Which riſe from *the Communion of*
His perſevering *Saints*,
Bears to the general God of all,
Who kindly does accord,
T' attend the Suit of Great and Small,
Made thro' their common Lord.

No Terrors can that Faith diſmay
  Which doth on him rely,
He *the Forgiveneſs* will convey
  Of Sins of deepeſt Dye.
Their Reign deſpotic diſpoſſeſs,
  Their Furrows clean eraſe,
Thro' his imputed Righteouſneſs
  And all-ſufficient Grace:
Which to the natural Heart renew,
  Does in large Currents flow,
And waſhes Crimes of Crimſon Hue
  As white as new fall'n Snow:
So as the Poles remotely ſtand,
  And Earth's ſtretch'd Bound'ries keep,
Between lie countleſs Tracts of Land,
  And the unfathom'd Deep;
Where the whole World of Waters wide,
  In Swelling Surges roll;
So far ſhall he all Guilt divide,
  And ſep'rate from my Soul.

In *the* great *Reſurrection* Hour,
When all beneath the Skies,
With ev'ry former active Pow'r
Shall *of the Body* riſe.
Earth, Sea, and Flame, at once return,
All faithful to their Truſt,
The latent Pray, the long held Urn,
And ev'ry ſcatter'd Duſt,
Then rais'd to Glory, ever new,
All Clouds of Frailty flown,
We Face to Face the Lord ſhall View,
And know as we are known.
Who brought us thro' Time's boiſt'rous Main,
Safe to that peaceful Shore,
Where Perſecution, Sickneſs, Pain,
And Death, ſhall be no more.
There join'd to the Harmonious Throng,
Which chant inceſſant Praiſe,
And ſtill renew the grateful Song
In ſoft reſponſive Lays.

In thoſe extatic Regions plac'd,
Where cluſt'ring Raptures grow;
The Pleaſures *and the Life* to taſte,
Angels and Seraphs know.
Subject to neither End nor Change,
Our Joys ſhall know no Bound;
Whilſt in Eternity we range,
An *everlaſting* Round.
Life everlaſting? O! my Soul,
Thy ev'ry Pow'r extend,
Of this unmeaſurable Whole,
The Sound to comprehend.
Say when Ten Thouſand Years of Joy
Have run their circ'ling Round;
Will that thy Term of Bliſs annoy?
Or its Duration wound;
Or when thereon whole Ages roll,
And in Progreſſion ſtand
Num'rous as Stars from Pole to Pole,
And countleſs as the Sand

Which

Which loads the Margin of the Sea,
  Increaſing ſtill to View?
E'en ſo,—and much more endleſs they
  Their Courſes ſhall renew.
Fruition here ſhall never cloy
  The Strength, nor Pow'rs abate
Thoſe ſpringing Pleaſures to enjoy,
  Which ne'er ſhall terminate,
Whilſt each delighted Tongue t' adore
  In Shouts of Praiſe, accord
The King who reigns for evermore,
  Amen, ſo be it Lord.

PARAPHRASE

PARAPHRASE

ON THE

TEN COMMANDMENTS.

RESPLENDENT Rays of dazz'ling Light
Forth from its Fountain broke,
Upon th' aſtoniſh'd Patriarch's Sight,
When God to Mortal ſpoke;
Who to Mount Sinai's Top, the Place
Directed, did aſcend,
Saw the Almighty Face to Face,
And talk'd as Friend to Friend.

Tho'

Tho' Light'nings flaſh'd, and Thunders loud
Convuls'd the quaking Ground,
Moſes approach'd the ſmoking Cloud,
Whilſt Iſrael trembled round.
With the ſhrill Trumpet's ſacred Sound,
Jehovah then began,
In glorious Pomp, to uſher down
His perfect Law to Man.
" I am the Lord, who reſcu'd Thee
From Pharaoh's cruel Hand,
Thy God, who ſet from Bondage free.
And out of Egypt's Land
Thee brought, with Liberty to bleſs;
My Name henceforth avow;

I.

No other Gods but Me confeſs;
Unto no other bow.

II.

No graven Images ſhall ſhare
Thy Worſhip, Fear, or Love,
Like aught that in the Waters are,
In Earth, or Heav'n above.
Nor vain Idolatry debaſe
Thy Soul, nor cloud thy Sight;
Nor Gods, inferior in my Place,
Thy Services invite.
For of mine Honour, jealous I,
The Lord thy God am grown;
The Father's daring Sins ſhall lie
Upon the Children down.
Thro' diſtant Ages them purſue,
That hate my Laws and Name;
Whilſt Mercy I to Thouſands ſhew,
Who love and keep the ſame.

III.

From impious Uſe, profane and bold,
Of God's high Name refrain;
Thy Lord will not him guiltleſs hold
Who taketh it in vain.

IV.

The Seventh's th' Sabbath Day, therein
For endleſs Reſt prepare,
Diveſt thee of each darling Sin,
And every worldly Care.
Be cleans'd from all polluted Spots;
In ſecret and abroad,
Speak not thy Words, nor think thy Thoughts,
But do the Work of God.
Six Days thy Labours to purſue,
The Lord thy God allows;
The Seventh, the Sacrifice renew
Of thine unfeigned Vows.
Whereon by thou, thy Servants, Kine,
Thy Stranger, Daughter, Son,
And all within the Gates of thine,
No Labour ſhall be done.
For why? The Lord made in ſix Days
The ſpacious Heav'ns and Earth,
Sun, Moon, and Stars, gather'd the Seas,
And gave all Creatures Birth:

Their Stations fix'd, plac'd Night and Day
In their alternate Rounds,
And caus'd the fluctuating Sea
To know her ſettled Bounds.
The Seventh Day, the Lord did reſt,
And gave his Labours o'er;
To all Mankind this Seaſon bleſs'd,
And hallow'd evermore.

V.

Unto thy Parents Honour due,
And filial Reverence pay,
Their Precepts mind, their Rules purſue,
And their Commands obey.
So ſhall thy Days unclouded ſtand,
Exempt from Blame, and be
Of long Duration in the Land,
Thy God doth give to thee.

VI.

Another's Life thou ſhalt not ſeek,
Nor wiſh his Days decreaſe;
Nor by injurious Treatment break,
Nor wound thy Neighbour's Peace.

VII.

From ev'ry lewd laſcivious Thought
Back let thy Mind recede;
And keep thy Soul from the foul Spot
Of an Adult'rous Deed.

VIII.

What is another's Property
Steal not, nor yet deſtroy;
With Peace, all that's beſtow'd on thee,
And Gratitude, enjoy.

IX.

Forth from thy Lips no Evidence
Unjuſt, nor falſe ſhall flow,
Tho' to revenge the worſt Offence
Of thy moſt deadly Foe.

X.

Whate'er thy Neighbour doth poſſeſs,
Houſe, Servants, Wife, or Kine,
Let not thy ſecret Thoughts confeſs
A Wiſh, aught's his were thine."

Thus

Thus we receiv'd Heav'n's great Command,
To th' Patriarch's Care alone
Committed, wrought by God's own Hand
Upon the yielding Stone;
Which to the holy Impreſs true;
The ſacred Stamp retains,
And holds a Role to Mortals' View
Which Life and Death explains.
But who amongſt the Human Race,
Since Time its Courſe begun,
Cou'd ſtand before God's awful Face,
And ſay, "All this I've done."
By Nature all imperfect we,
And numerous are our Faults;
Great Lord! in Mercy ſet us free,
And cleanſe our ſecret Thoughts.
To thee our inmoſt Hearts are bare,
And known is each Deſire;
O! breathe thy holy Spirit there,
And perfect Love inſpire.

To thee and thy Commands divine,
That Path which leads on high,
Where never-ceasing Joys combine,
Which Time and Change defy:
Obtain'd by Christ, the Prince of Peace,
Thro' Nature's weary Strife,
To crown our Fruit to Holiness
With everlasting Life.

ON

ON

TE DEUM.

WITH Praiſe we here approach thy Throne,
And joyfully accord
T' acknowledge thee, O God, alone
The everlaſting Lord;
Father whom all the Earth doth ſerve,
Heav'n's Powers, all Angels high,
Whom Cherubine and Seraphim,
Unceaſing magnify;

Crying,

Crying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord
  Of Sabaoth, God and King,
And the extended Earth abroad
  Doth with Hoſannas ring:
Thro' which the faithful Saints declare
  The Glories of thy Name,
And the wing'd Warblers of the Air,
  Re-echo back thy Fame.
Thoſe Manſions where bleſt Spirits dwell,
  With Shouts of Praiſe reſound,
And all the Tribes conſpire to ſwell
  The glad Majeſtic Sound.
The Apoſtles' glorious Company,
  And holy Prophets join,
T' attune their grateful Notes to Thee
  In Melody divine.
Likewiſe the noble Army there,
  Who all thy Foes withſtood,
Did Martyrdon undaunted bear,
  And ſeal'd their Faith with Blood.

The holy Church throughout the Earth,
Thy Glory doth proclaim,
Infinite Father, who gave Birth
To Majeſty ſupreme.
From Sin's fell Curſe, to ſet us free,
Thou gav'ſt, and didſt not ſpare
This, of thy Truth and Verity,
Hereditary Heir.
We do the Holy Ghoſt confeſs,
The Comforter benign;
Who from the Soul all Doubts doth chaſe
With Influence divine.
From Thee, O Chriſt! what Bleſſings ſpring,
What Wonders haſt thou done,
Of all thy Father's Glory King,
His everlaſting Son.
When Man incurr'd the eternal Pain,
Of Sin, the certain Doom
To free him, thou didſt not diſdain
The humble Virgin's Womb.

Death's ſharpeſt Pangs thou didſt abide,
Its poignant Sting withdraw,
Then open to Believers wide,
The Gates of Heav'n didſt throw.
Encompaſs'd in his Glory bright,
At the Right Hand of God
Thou ſitteſt, cloath'd with dazzling Light,
And Angels wait thy Nod.
Attended by that radiant Train,
Thy Kingdom to complete;
We know that thou ſhalt come again,
And fill the Judgment Seat.
Humbly we at thy Footſtool bend,
Behold us Lord, we pray;
Thy Pity to our Souls extend,
Turn not thine Ears away.
Thy Servants help, redeeming Blood
As purifying Rain
Diſpenſe, nor let that precious Flood
Be pour'd for them in vain:

But in the Number of thy Saints,
  Lord, let their Names be found;
Where Pleaſure baniſhes Complaints,
  And endleſs Joys abound.
  Save all thy People who alone
  Repoſe their Truſt in Thee;
And bleſs thine Heritage, who own
  No other God but Thee.
Govern, and by thy Spirit draw,
  And Guide them with thine Eye,
And lift them up from every Foe,
  And every Danger nigh,
For ever; whilſt from Day to Day
  Thy Praiſes we'll reſound,
And never-ending Worſhip pay
  Thro' Space which knows no Bound.
Vouchſafe, O Lord, to keep us clear
  This Day from Sin's Controul;
Let thy bleſt Inſpiration chear,
  And renovate each Soul.

Abſorb our Faults in Love divine,
From Bondage ſet us free,
And let thy Mercy o'er us ſhine
E'en as we truſt in Thee.
O Lord I truſt alone in Thee,
On Thee my Hope is ſtay'd;
Draw near, and let me never be
Confounded nor diſmay'd.

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS

ON THE CERTAINTY OF

A FUTURE STATE.

ADDRESSED TO

A FREE THINKER.

THOSE who no future Hope nor Fear confeſs,
No Hell to puniſh, and no Heav'n to bleſs,
Self-confident and daring ſtand aloof,
Avoid Inſtruction, and deſpiſe Reproof;
Each ſolemn Bond of Chriſtian Faith explode,
Renounce their Saviour, and abjure their God;
Audaciouſly his awful Name invoke,
And turn the ſacred Records to a Joke;

Which

Which they peruſe to aid their vain Diſcourſe,
And wriſt, to give their impious Reas'nings Force,
By wantonly inverting its Deſign,
And contradicting all it does enjoin:
Term it a Subject, emptier than the Wind,
A Bugbear ſuited to the tim'rous Mind;
Fit only for th' enthuſiaſtic Ear,
What none but ſuch ſhou'd condeſcend to hear:
Not thoſe who nobly on themſelves rely,
T' Day to Revel, and To-morrow Die;
Quitting their Proſpects when Life's Frolick's o'er,
For when they're laid in Duſt they'll riſe no more.
Tenets like thoſe, deluded Wretch! are thine,
Sworn Foe to all that's Holy and Divine;
Proficient in the Atheiſtic School,
Oppoſer ſtrong of every Chriſtian Rule;
Slave to the Caprice of a vicious Mind,
Which Reaſon does not ſway, nor Honour bind:
T' Oppreſſion eager, to ſtrict Juſtice ſlow,
Falſhoods from thee in conſtant Currents flow.

For

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 64 JAN

For why? The preſent Hour being all thy Care,
Thou think'ſt alike of Perjury and Pray'r.
To what Extremes may not that Heart incline,
Uncurb'd by Laws, or moral or divine;
(E'en plain Morality thou ſcorn'ſt, for fear
It ſhould too much the Garb of Virtue wear)
When an hereafter's baniſh'd from the Soul,
And it breaks looſe from Virtue's mild Controul.
Paſſion and Pride uſurp the vacant Seat,
Malignant Envy, and vindictive Heat:
What Miſchiefs may ſuch Principles deviſe?
From thence what Ills to Church and State ariſe?
If Means preſent to make a People groan,
And Monarch ſit unſafe upon his Throne,
Void of the Fear of God, nought wou'd them ſtay,
When Luſts excite, and Intereſt gilds their Way.
Allegiance due can't to a King be giv'n
By thoſe who brave the Majeſty of Heav'n,
And breaks each Human Tie, and prudent Plan,
Form'd to Cement, and Rivet Man to Man:

But whilſt from Crime to Crime you rapid go,
And Head-long ruſh to everlaſting Woe;
Sunk in Intemperance, deep immers'd in Sin,
Is there no Fear? no ſecret Check within?
Does Conſcience never exerciſe her Pow'rs,
And thunder loudly in thy Midnight Hours?
Or doſt thou bravely ſtill her Force repreſs?
And ſtifle in Debauch'ry and Exceſs,
That envious Gueſt, which fain wou'd intervene,
To interrupt the preſent Halcyon Scene?
That Treaſury where thou hoardeſt all thy Bliſs;
Truſting to know no other World than this:
Miſtaken Soul! back from the Brink of Hell
Retreat! reflect 'gainſt whom thou doſt rebel!
Caſt round thine Eyes, above, below, abroad,
Nature itſelf will guide thee to a God;
Whoſe plenteous Fountain open'd wide for Sin,
And ſpotted Lepers bid to plunge therein.
He by his omnipotent Self hath ſworn,
T' accept the Sinner when he will return.

Then

Then Pardon humbly ſue, Mercy implore,
Before the ſwift-wing'd Day of Grace is o'er:
For ſure as thou ſurvey'ſt the ſpacious Earth,
Sure as a *Something* gave Creation Birth,
Sure as the radient Sun lights up the Morn,
And fainter Beams the milder Eve adorn;
Sure as one Seaſon for the next makes way,
Or Day gives place to Night, and Night to Day,
So ſure Eternity ſhall Time ſucceed,
And thou be call'd t' account for ev'ry Deed;
Which, tho' envelop'd from the Sight of Man,
The omni-preſent Eye of Heav'n doth ſcan;
Knows thy Eſſays, ſtrict Juſtice to defeat,
Thy Balance falſe, and all thy Weights deceit.
He ſees thee wallowing on th' adulterous Bed,
Whilſt Darkneſs ſhadows thy irreverent Head
From Human Eyes, thence does thy Steps ſurvey,
And read'ſt thy Thoughts when muſing, to betray
Thy baſe Attempts, to injure and undoe,
And Perfidies are open to his View:

Who hears thee falſely brand thy Neighbour's Name,
Traduce e'en Angel's, and the Saints defame;
Swift to their Gaol thy fleeting Days do run,
And quickly will thy Thread of Life be ſpun.
That Frame ſhall ſleep in Death's encircling Arms,
And the gay World be loſt with all her Charms;
Yet thy immortal Soul no Sleep ſhall know,
But wake and gaze, whether it wou'd or no.
Then ſhalt thou ſee, unveil'd, thoſe heav'nly Bow'rs,
Its numerous Hoſts, and all th' Angelic Pow'rs;
Which to ſupport thy wild ludicrous Theme,
Thou now declar'ſt to be a Dotard's Dream,
Or Fancy, which the taſteleſs Soul purſues,
And Gowns-men urge for mercenary Views.
Thou alſo ſhalt behold a yawning Hell,
Where Devils and infernal Spirits dwell;
And wretched Souls howl in Deſpair and Grief,
For Life and Death ſhut up in Unbelief:
No middle State appears 'twixt Bliſs and Pain;
In one of thoſe thy Lot is to remain

For ever! O what agonizing Smart!
What Terrors will aſſail thy trembling Heart?
And Storms of Heav'n's vindictive Thunder roll,
Acroſs thine heretofore-unſhaken Soul.
If thou ſhou'd'ſt die in unremitted Sin,
The God thou trod'ſt on, will not take thee in;
That Saviour who ſo oft, now in the Fleſh,
Thy bold Offences crucify afreſh,
Will then withhold his purifying Blood,
And from thy Soul, reſtrain the crimſon Flood.
Now with extended Arms, he waits for Thee,
Crying, Return, why perſecut'ſt thou Me?
Repentance to no future Time poſtpone;
For while you heſitate, the Hour comes on:
Death, as a Thief, when Slumbers bind the Guard,
Steals on the obſtinately unprepar'd.
Then all Attempts will be in Vain to ſave
Thy Soul; there's no Repentance in the Grave;
Haſte then thyſelf to God to reconcile,
Leave off to do ſo wickedly and vile;

For Injuries to Heav'n and Man, reſtore,
And with high Hand tranſgreſs again no more;
Then thou in Peace ſhall cloſe thy mortal Eyes,
End meet Eternity without ſurprize.

15 JAN 64

F I N I S.

Mr Green